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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

MR. GEORGE'S dove of peace to Ireland has been duly despatched. It looks more like a hawk. The tender merely amounts to an invitation to selected Irish members to meet—the right which Mr. George's Government has hitherto denied them—and make proposals. Safe conducts are specifically refused to other members, whom Mr. George declares to be guilty of crimes. That is the first mark of bad faith in an offer of peace to rebels—a refusal of amnesty, without which an Anglo-Irish peace is impossible, and an obvious attempt to procure the unconditional surrender of the leaders. The second is the neglect to put forward any British offer of settlement. The inference is that the Government's terms are the Government's Bill, and nothing more. The third is the proclamation, in four counties, of a peculiarly cruel form of Martial Law—threatening death for carrying arms, wearing British uniforms, neglecting to surrender arms by December 27th, and the harboring of rebels—the last a specially inhuman provision. While the lives and liberties of the people of Ireland are thus given over to regular soldiers, the irregular ones remain and, as in Cork, continue their brigandage. The obvious result of these proposals, if successful, would be to divide the Republican forces. It may, therefore, be presumed to be their object, as a preliminary to a peace of subjugation.

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NATIONALIST Ireland has received these dubious advances coldly, as well she may, and her intention is probably expressed by Mr. Griffith's statement that Dáil Eireann is one body and will not allow Mr. George to eviscerate it. It also appears that the meeting at which the resolution of the Galway County Council was carried, and on which he relied, was only attended by six members

out of thirty-two, the rest being either in prison or "on the run." This is the disability of Mr. George's way of governing Ireland: when he wants anything done constitutionally, he must unlock the prison doors, whereupon the military usually lock them again. His Government's existing methods, however, have been well shown by the burning of the City Hall, the Carnegie Library, and the main business quarter of the City of Cork, coupled with a minor and trifling incident such as the murder of an aged Canon. These incidents slightly overshadow a Christmas message to Father O'Flanagan. Sir Hamar Greenwood protested, after his habit, that he did not know by whom the Cork fires were started, and that there was "no evidence" (this is the standing phrase) that they were due to "forces of the Crown." Necessarily, therefore, the Sinn Feiners did them.

* * *

THIS was a good gross mouthful to start with, but the caterer should have stopped there. Unfortunately he went into details, and explained that despite the efforts of the Fire Brigade the fire spread from Patrick Street to other buildings, including the City Hall. As it happens, a quarter of a mile of intervening, untouched streets, and the River Lee, separate Patrick Street from the City Hall, which, says the "Manchester Guardian" correspondent, was fired separately four hours later. This gentleman blows the whole fabric of official lies into the air with a series of careful statements showing (1) that the streets of Cork were cleared by ten, leaving the military and the Black-and-Tans in possession; (2) that a descent was made by lorries, from which the men fired wildly in the streets, while others beat and kicked the people (including a priest), or stood them against walls, actually shooting two men dead. This statement is confirmed by the Bishop of Cork, by the Lord Mayor, by the Chamber of Commerce, by the Labor deputation on the spot, and by all the local authorities that have spoken, and its truth is finally attested by the withdrawal of the Black-and-Tans from Cork on the order of the military commander. The outrage, was, of course, a reprisal for the ambush of a few hours earlier; and only in such a House of Commons as exists to-day would a Minister have dared to deny it.

* * *

THE Genevan Assembly has surpassed its own rather dismal record this week, by killing our hopes of disarmament and obligatory arbitration. It has, to be sure, drawn up a statute regulating the permanent Tribunal. This international Court will come into being, and that must be counted a gain. But it has refused to impose upon the Members of the League any general obligation to resort to the Court, even when a dispute is clearly of a justiciable character. Any Members who have among themselves the usual old-world conventions, excepting matters of honor and vital interest from arbitration, may always plead these as an excuse for withholding any dispute from the Tribunal. Mr. Balfour's speech was

on the usual lines: "We are ardent supporters of the Court, but we are anxious to see the obligations of the Court voluntary, and not compulsory, because these things must be allowed to grow." That was the attitude of the Powers when the first Peace Conference met at the Tsar's invitation at The Hague. The Great War and the Tsar's fall have altered nothing, and taught our Bourbons nothing. M. Bourgeois, a Nobel Peace Prize-man, followed in the same strain for France. The only satisfactory fact to record is that forty-two smaller States voted against the Great Powers for obligatory arbitration. But they voted in vain.

* * *

TOWARDS disarmament in the proper sense of the word, the League has not even taken a timid step. The insecurity of the world, as Mr. Fisher said, prevents it. It was pressed at least to stop the increase of armaments. Even this, however, was too much for it. It had before it a resolution proposing that two years after the next financial year, no Member of the League should increase its expenditure on armaments. This was eventually adopted, but only as a *vœu*, that is to say, as a recommendation which binds no one. The Assembly recommends the Council to give this good advice to all Governments, and that is all. Mr. Barnes, speaking for himself as usual, and speaking like a man, would have gone further, but M. Bourgeois opposed, and there voted against even this non-binding recommendation, France, Poland, Roumania, Greece, and three South American States. Even so, the recommendation allows for "exceptional conditions." One real difficulty about such a measure for armaments is the probability of currency fluctuations, and this seems to call for some skill in drafting. But no such details trouble France and her European satellites. They refuse any pledge not to increase their armaments. How, after this display of impenitent militarism, are we to hope for any real reduction by consent? M. Bourgeois shrewdly pointed out that Mr. Fisher, though he voted for this non-binding resolution, "had abstained from committing the British Government." Mr. Barnes's speeches do him great credit. But they are not the voice of Downing Street.

* * *

MR. KRASSIN has been stung by certain communications to the Press, which had a semi-official look, to issue a defence of his own Government's dealings with the Trade Agreement. It abides, he says, absolutely by the draft settled in June, which gave the undertakings required as to abstention from propaganda, and peace in the East. But the new draft, he says, has a lengthy preamble which goes far beyond these agreed points, and raises all manner of fresh political points. Russia is ready to sign the old draft to-morrow, but if the new draft be insisted upon, she asks for a fresh conference to consider it. This sounds reasonable, and the new draft ought to be published so as to compare it with the old. Does it, for example, in effect set up a British hegemony over the Middle East? Again, is it the case that Russia is required to recognize the speculative claims of British subjects, who since the Revolution have bought for a song titles to property in Russia which the exiles have been hawking for any price they could get? Also the Russian claim to be allowed to export as well as to import gold, seems fair, for otherwise they have no guarantee that they will obtain for it its value in the world's market. We are afraid that the Curzon-

Churchill group have by detailed amendments managed to wreck the prospect of trade with Russia. A less patriotic act in these times of unemployment could hardly be committed.

* * *

THE unemployment crisis has developed rapidly during the past two or three weeks. The Government have had abundant warning, but the inability to reach decisions which marks their handling of every question save where some wealthy interest is concerned, has cruelly accentuated suffering in the spell of bitter weather which began a week ago. Unemployment now extends to almost all industries, except those in which short time is worked. Official figures show that three-quarters of a million manual and clerical workers are idle, and there must be many thousands who are not registered. In addition, hundreds of thousands, especially in the textile industries, are working short time. So far, the vast majority of these unemployed and starving workers have accepted their lot with quiet resignation. Even the seizure of public buildings in London has been peaceable, and the action of the men has been prompted partly by the desire to advertize their misery and partly to provide centres for local committees of unemployed.

* * *

THE tales of individual hardship appearing in the newspapers have stirred the public conscience, but have led to nothing like a demand for a radical change in the Government's European policy. On the first point, all that has come from a welter of Cabinet debate is a job of work on road building for fewer than five thousand men, a decision to employ 50,000 ex-service men on house-building, and an announcement by Dr. Macnamara that he cannot give any undertaking of an Exchequer grant. Even if these schemes for the employment of manual labor were on a scale large enough to absorb half-a-million men, there would still remain the problem of over two hundred thousand clerks and other sedentary workers who cannot possibly find relief in road-building. This brings to the fore the question of temporary maintenance. The Labor Party decided on Wednesday to ask the Government to meet the crisis by granting a special allowance to every person for whom work cannot be found. The amounts proposed are 40s. for a man, and 25s. for a woman with extra sums for dependents.

* * *

THERE is no comfort in Mr. Chamberlain's review of national finance last week, the main features of which are tabulated in a statement issued to the Press. The anti-wasters, in order to give point to their criticism, had injudiciously named a sum, £808 millions, as a proper expenditure for a normal year. The Chancellor set himself the easy task of showing the impossibility of such a figure, unless both domestic reforms and national security were to be jettisoned. For, beginning with war-made obligations for interest and redemption (455 millions), pensions (149 millions), and ex-soldiers' land settlement and training (35 millions), we come to a dead weight of £639 millions. Add to this what, with reckless audacity, he calls "Payments in relief of your rates," education (56 millions), health and unemployment (17 millions), grants in aid (23 millions), housing grants (11 millions), road improvements (7 millions), and Revenue Departments, including Post Office (60 millions), the total comes to £813 millions, with nothing at

all for the Fighting Services! As for the hope he held out of a normal estimate of £800 millions (afterwards revised to £880 millions), normality, as he had explained, would not be realized "this year, next year, or the year after." As for the extravagance of the Civil Services, if all the added number of officials since 1913 were dismissed, the saving would amount to only £20 millions—a trifle in these days.

DOUBTLESS, it was tempting to dwell upon departmental extravagances at home. Nevertheless, the grand attack should have been made on foreign policy. That is responsible for the £270 millions which the Army, Navy, and Air Services are costing. For the worst items in the civil expenditure will automatically disappear in the near future, the bread and railway subsidies, the coal deficiency, as well as the advances to Allies and Dominions (a sum of £36 millions which, in his speech, the Chancellor forgot to mention). If these go, a saving of £123 millions is effected. Further savings should attend the absorption of the Munitions and Shipping Ministries in other departments. The Liberals who attacked the Health and Education expenditure did no real service to the cause of national economy. (The House of Lords has destroyed the well-meaning, but badly-constructed, Health Bill.) Mr. Chamberlain showed a spasm of understanding of the situation in his remark that "the only method of effecting a saving on a considerable scale is in the War Department"; he furnished no hope or expectation of any course being taken beyond "exploring" these fields "with a view to further drastic reductions of expenditure the moment the situation permits." An "exhaustive inquiry" is to be made into "the whole question of naval strength," and no programme for "capital ship construction" will be presented until the results of this inquiry have been considered. We deal with this vital matter elsewhere.

MR. CHURCHILL'S little bill for an additional forty millions came before the House on Wednesday as a Supplementary Estimate. Most of this expenditure is due to two expeditions in Persia, and to the cost of suppressing the "rebellion" in Mesopotamia. It seems that immediately after the Armistice, Mr. Churchill started building an ambitious military motor road in Eastern Persia. It was very well built, indeed, with cantonments, and even baths and temples for the Indian troops. Its purpose was, apparently, to attack the Reds or to back the Whites in Asiatic Russia. It is now derelict, and the tribes are using it as building material. The cost may turn out to be anything from fifty to a hundred millions, of which ten figure in these Estimates.

THE other Persian venture was the expedition in West Persia, which was protecting Denikin's derelict fleet at Enzeli on the Caspian, until the Reds drove it inland. It numbers 3,600 men under General Ironside, and, apparently, can now be neither reinforced nor withdrawn, because the passes are blocked with snow. It seems characteristic of Mr. Churchill to delay the withdrawal until he can plead the obstacle of the snow. Those were also his tactics at Archangel. As to Mesopotamia, there is a ray of light on the "rebellion" in the historical memorandum issued by the India Office. It began, we are told, after the belated publication in the local Arab papers of Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points, and of an Anglo-French declaration that we meant to set up in the late Turkish Empire "national government and administration, drawing their authority from the free

choice of indigenous populations." We wonder, have the Arabs yet heard that their wishes will be "a principal consideration" in assigning the Mandates of the League?

THE desperate difficulties which the German Government has encountered in carrying out disarmament in Bavaria and East Prussia, have led it to take the very serious step of asking the Allies to consent to some delay in these two cases. It claims to have carried out the programme elsewhere, but Bavaria, it says, recollecting the Communist régime in Munich last year, cannot be induced to complete the disarming of its middle-class *Einwohnerwehr*, until the workmen have given up all the secret arms which they are supposed to possess. East Prussia pleads the risk of a Red invasion, and wants to wait till the Russo-Polish peace is concluded. Thus does Berlin try to play on the fears of Mr. Churchill and M. Millerand. The real fact is, of course, that Bavaria, always playing with the idea of secession, absolutely refuses to disarm, and the general belief is that in this attitude she has received French encouragement. Although this reluctance to disarm obviously does spring from the class-war and the risk of civil war, and not from any thought of *revanche*, it may have the worst consequences for Germany. Our own impression is that while the workers have been disarmed pretty thoroughly, the middle-class everywhere retains arms, especially in country districts.

WE understand that an effort is being made to enlist the sympathies of the organized workmen in an appeal to relieve the terrible distress in Vienna. There are, as we know, great difficulties; unemployment and short wages are the chief of them. We would suggest that they do not apply with the same strength to the coal miners as to some other industries. As it happens, the great need of Vienna is for coal. It is not, we are afraid, easy to carry out the attractive idea that the miners should offer a day's work and its product to their stricken fellow-creatures, but if this may not be, it is surely possible to have a collection on their behalf. The miners have generous hearts; these bitter days may well open them wide.

ON Vienna's need of coal, we offer the following evidence from Professor von Brockhausen:—

"We cannot work because our coalfields have been almost entirely taken away from us and given to our enemies and industrial rivals. To state it in matter-of-fact terms: Our industry has, on account of lack of coal, only 25 per cent. of its former productivity. If this could be raised to even 50 per cent. or 60 per cent. there would be no longer any need for us to beg.

"It is certainly regrettable that we have to suffer cold in our dwellings, but we could face that with courage if only we had a possibility of working; and to freeze and do nothing is demoralizing, and creates criminals and revolution.

"We have now at our disposal about 19,500 tons of coal for one working day. If we could get only 8,000 tons a day more, the problem would be half solved, and the productivity of our labor would be doubled. Eight thousand tons more per working day—that is, in round figures, 200,000 tons monthly, and would mean one per cent. of the English monthly output of somewhere about twenty millions. In the present state of the world, nobody but England can give us this possibility of working, and one per cent. of her own production would be sufficient.

"The question, therefore, is: 'Does England want to continue to offer us apparent help by means of charity and gifts, or will she make it possible for us to transform ourselves from beggars into workers who finally restore what has been lent to them?'"

Politics and Affairs.

"ON ACTIVE SERVICE."

THE British Army is now on "active service" in Ireland, and we are formally at war with the Irish people. In one sense the British Government has been at war with them ever since the Armistice, or rather ever since the attempt to impose conscription on Ireland without asking the assent of an Irish Parliament. Mr. Lloyd George has made war by all the methods that are familiar to students of the history of tyranny. Deportations without trial, the suppression of newspapers, the punishment of men for talking their own language, of children for carrying a flag in the street, all the proceedings, at once cruel and ludicrous, by which powerful Governments have tried in other places to suppress the national spirit of a people, have been reproduced in the last two years on Irish soil. The great war was over; the German fleet at the bottom of the sea, and our place in the world more secure than at any time since the battle of Waterloo. But we could not keep our word to Ireland.

When tyranny matches itself against patriotism, the struggle always grows steadily fiercer. After months of patience, a section of the Irish people took to violence. The Government replied by redoubling its oppression of the whole of Nationalist Ireland. The Coercion Act, which withdrew from the Irish citizen every one of the personal rights that Englishmen value as the special portion of their political life, reduced the Irish people to a state of servitude. This was war under process of law. It was soon supplemented by war that was above all processes of law. The Government keeping an army of occupation of fifty thousand British soldiers to maintain its authority over a people that had declared its desire for self-government—the only nation left in Europe in this position—proceeded to recruit a new police force to take the place of the native constabulary, which was fast melting away. The "Advertising World" for November gives us an interesting sidelight on the methods employed, taken from the speech of Mr. C. F. Higham, M.P., at the Aldwych Club:—

"Since the war you have had many indications of the power of advertising. Ireland is in a state of great trouble. In August of this year, try as they would, by every known means, the Royal Irish Constabulary in seven months were only able to raise 1,200 men. Resignations in the force were taking place at the rate of 100 to 125 in one week. Advertising men were put this question: 'Is it possible in thirty days for you to raise 5,000 men and get them fit and capable of going to Ireland and dealing with the situation?' Advertising men promised they could find 5,000 men for £5,000 in thirty days. In ten days advertising in this country and in Ireland found 12,000 possible recruits, of which over 5,000 were eligible; and the total cost of that campaign was just over £4,000."

This was the way in which we chose the officers who burnt down part of Balbriggan, and have now burnt down the greater part of Cork. Who examined their records? Who tested their qualifications? Who gave them their training? The purist of the "Daily Chronicle" who was hurt because some impetuous journalist had let his indignation run away with him in the case of Balbriggan, forgetting that the houses destroyed were small and belonged only to poor peasants, will not dispute the parallel between Louvain and Cork. Perhaps he will imitate Sir Hamar Greenwood's audacity and pretend that the people of Cork burnt down their principal

buildings, the pride of Nationalist Ireland, out of fear or of spite. This kind of badinage amuses the House of Commons, but for the nation, whose credit in the eyes of the world is at stake, one can only say what Sheridan said of somebody else: "A joke in his mouth is no laughing matter." The truth is that Sir Hamar Greenwood himself is directly responsible for this reprisal as for the other reprisals that have disgraced our name. He has issued a weekly paper in which incitements to murder and arson have been printed week after week. Did he not intend the impression that the Government desired such behavior on the part of its servants? Then why did these shameful hints appear? In the case of Cork, these incitements have been specially frequent and specially violent. That reason alone is a tolerably heavy bar to a judicial investigation into the origin of these barbarous outbursts. As he puts it to the House of Commons, he has more confidence in inquiries conducted by his subordinates.

This new sort of warfare has resulted in a great number of casualties. Take one class only. It is recognized now that a Black-and-Tan may shoot at sight if a man or woman moves, if a man or woman remains still while a firing lorry passes, or in some districts if a man puts his hands in his pockets. Sir Hamar Greenwood told the House of Commons last week that since the beginning of the year 200 persons had been fired at because they did not halt, 41 of them being killed and 43 wounded. Prisoners have been killed on many occasions "attempting to escape" in their handcuffs, and we publish elsewhere an account of two of these victims.

The Government have now taken a further step. It is announced that the forces in Ireland are "on active service" and martial law has been proclaimed in those counties where the national spirit is most embittered. What does this involve? It is now an offence, punishable with death, to harbor a rebel. Thus does the Government give its sanction to the act of the German Government in Belgium, which punished with death a noble Englishwoman who had helped British soldiers to escape to a neutral country. In the face of a world that watches our conduct each day with a new astonishment, the Government announces that an Irishwoman who shelters her son may make herself liable to the death penalty. The House of Commons made light of the killing of a woman in a road by constables who were in no kind of danger; and of the killing of a little girl in the streets of Dublin by soldiers who were firing at unresisting boys in flight. It makes light of the violence which takes boys from their beds before their mother's eyes to put them to death outside. Presumably it will applaud Sir Hamar Greenwood as warmly as ever should he announce that Irishwomen have paid the penalty of the atrocious crime of giving shelter to their sons, flying from the vengeance of a foreign Government. Is there anything left for our Government to do to paint themselves Prussian all over?

In this atmosphere what is to be made of Mr. Lloyd George's answer to Father O'Flanagan? We cannot regard it as a serious stroke for peace. The first step to peace is an amnesty. It is withheld. The second is to withdraw a force of mercenaries which serves no other purpose than to advertise the determination of the British Government to outrage and break the Irish spirit. Why are these men in Ireland? They live there under intolerable conditions, regarded by everybody as Englishmen would regard a foreign force recruited for the dragooning of

English villages and English towns. The Chief Secretary has the effrontery to talk of protecting life and property in Ireland. He knows perfectly well that his Black-and-Tans are the chief menace to life and property, and that the Irish people no more want them than we want a foreign force in this island. Whether the half-offer of peace, combined with the steady aggravation of the policy of force, is seriously intended by the Prime Minister, we doubt. It is conceivable that he wants peace, as he wanted peace with Russia, and that in this case, as in that, he is overruled by colleagues who know how to dish his plans; that in this case, as in that, he will take no personal risk for his own policy. It is more probable, on the other hand, that what he chiefly seeks is a political gain in his struggle with the Irish people, and that he thinks that by half-coaxing with one hand and rudely intimidating with the other, he may divide Nationalist Ireland, setting house against house, and father against son. We do not profess to know what is in his mind, or what is passing through it. No calculation of true sagacity, no powerful impulse to high-mindedness or charity, was ever sown in that shallow ground. Clearly he has no scheme of settlement. He has offered nothing to Ireland, beyond the miserable Bill which Catholics reject and Orangemen accept as a bar to Irish unity and nationality. Nothing is promised Dáil Éireann, should she obey the equivocal invitation to selected members, leaving others open to proscription and execution at the hands of the British Government. The southern country is placed in military hands, and far-flung threats of death and imprisonment are hurled at the civil population. It becomes clearer every day that the solemn warning uttered by Lord Grey in the House of Lords is profoundly true. We can make peace with Ireland if we have the generosity, the courage, and the love of justice of Chatham, or Fox, or Gladstone, or Campbell-Bannerman. No tricks will give us peace; no force, however ruthless and brutal. Such methods may one day reduce Ireland to a sullen silence which will be broken in the hour when our Empire, that could learn nothing from the war but the lessons that Germany unlearned in pain and blood, finds herself on the rocks, or down the rapids to which her Government is hurrying her.

THE NEMESIS OF FORCE.

As a commentary on the world we live in, the controversy over the Navy is not the least interesting symptom among the public happenings since the Armistice was signed. In one column the newspaper reader may find reports of the first meetings of a World Parliament at Geneva. In the next, may be some echo of the campaign for national economy. In the third he may chance to find a plea for the lavish building of new capital ships at nine millions apiece. How is one to relate these things; how fuse them into a single picture of a rational world? The meeting at Geneva ought to mean that wars have receded in our calculations to the improbable. It should prepare us for some general scheme of disarmament, so drastic that our future Navy would figure only as our contribution towards the League's police at sea. Our financial case should drive us with a violent bias in the same direction. If there were no League in existence, the financial burden alone would move us to create it, if only as a means towards disarmament. There ought, one supposes, to be little difficulty in securing something

like general assent, for we happen to be in a bankrupt Europe the one moderately solvent Power. But it seems that neither of these new facts has much relation to naval policy. The only Navy that really counted after our own in Europe is at the bottom of the sea. Almost every gun and every torpedo tube in the wide world belongs to an Allied or Associated Power. And yet, we must debate building programmes, as though nothing but the technique of warfare had changed since last century. The old Two-Power Standard is, apparently, still the measure of our ambitions. That standard had a meaning when we were building against France and Russia. Then came the foggy period when the Two-Power basis veered about between two keels to one against Germany, and a Three-Power standard against the fictitious Triple Alliance. Sir Edward Grey gave it the only rational definition when he said that we must build against "any reasonably probable combination of Powers."

Where is that combination to-day? Will you add the American and Japanese fleets together? Or will you blend the Red Fleet with M. Millerand's Navy? That combination would be no more fantastic than the other. The plain fact is that none of the naval Powers tends to-day to stand shoulder to shoulder with any other. Where is the natural partner of France, of Italy, of America, of Japan? None of these is a magnet for any of the others, but each of them, or even all of them, might, in some contingencies, act with us. There is no "reasonably probable combination" against us: there are several highly probable combinations with us. A Two-Power Standard in such a world is mere megalomania, an arithmetical absurdity which stands in no more relation to our interests and affinities than it does to our resources.

For the first time in our naval policy we are without a visible enemy, without a rational standard, without an avowed policy. Everything is fluid and uncertain, from the laws of naval warfare and the value of the League, to the dynamics of naval power itself. The lay public tries to reach a tentative conclusion on that latter question from the correspondence in the "Times." Much depends on the controversial ability of the writers, and one is not sure whether Sir Percy Scott's apparent success really depends on the cogency of his arguments or the skill of his pen. He and his school have at least raised a persistent doubt in most minds, whether the capital ship really is of any positive value, and if one goes so far as that, one must go further. If it is useless, it is something much worse. One can imagine a naval war which might resemble a game of chess, in which all the really effective belligerent pieces are engaged in a perpetual effort to defend the helpless King. The position is so uncertain that a clever and expert sailor, who can also write, is able to make out a case, which to the layman looks plausible, for the scrapping of capital ships, and for concentration upon submarines and air-craft.

It is true that American and Japanese experts think otherwise, and are building their post-Jutland monsters, which are said to out-class our own last efforts in the technique of annihilation. The argument is by no means conclusive. Neither of them had our direct experience in the war. Both of them are concerned with problems which differ from our own. They can feed themselves, so that the protection of commerce is not for them the vital interest that it is for us. In the second place our local defence in this war resembled trench tactics. In European waters we may make great play with steel nets and mine-fields, which do not seem applicable at all to the Atlantic, and only in a very limited way to the Pacific. America could hardly protect her two coasts

by the devices which the Germans, even with an inferior battle-fleet, found satisfactory. As on land, so at sea, the Eastern Front would favor a war of movement. Unless we suppose our naval centre of interest transferred from European waters to these distant seas, unless, to be quite definite, we suppose ourselves conceivably a belligerent in the Pacific, there is no reason why American and Japanese plans, assuming them to be really sound in their case, should be a model for us. The anxious taxpayer watches this debate in the hope that Sir Percy Scott and Sir S. S. Hall may save him £9,000,000 apiece in these great ships. He hopes too easily. It is only too likely that in this dilemma the Council of Imperial Defence will decide to take no risks, and we may find that the war of the two schools has resulted only in the decision that we must have not merely capital ships on the traditional scale, but submarines and aircraft enough to satisfy the heretics. "Both is best" will be the solution of the vested interests, finally moving together to the ruin of England.

The plain man may hesitate to judge between the experts in the controversy over capital ships, and the perspective of a Pacific Front is, for him, a startling and unwelcome novelty. But the real issue is political, and on it the plain citizen has a right to the last word. There is no case for any naval building whatever, and certainly not for the building of new capital ships, unless we choose to regard the growth of the American Navy as a challenge. It may be true that, by 1924, the United States will have passed us in the mere number of capital ships she possesses, if she executes her full programme. That, after all, is no adequate test of strength, for not only must quality be reckoned, but also the fact that America has two oceans to consider. Even with the Panama Canal to help her, how much of this nominally superior fleet would she ever venture to concentrate in the Atlantic, unless her relations with Japan should alter fundamentally? Again, one must, in the case of America, reason on one of two hypotheses. Either she adheres rigidly to the Monroe Doctrine, and remains as aloof from the affairs of Europe, Africa, and Middle Asia as any Republican could wish, or else she comes eventually into the League of Nations. In either event it is nonsense to measure her naval strength against our own, as we used to measure that of European Powers. In the former case she moves in her own world and her own orbit, a world which we have no need to enter as a Power. In the latter case the League becomes a reality, and to think of armaments in the old way would be like using a pre-war almanack. On the whole, we think the former hypothesis for some years the more probable, and, in that case, the problem of power is divided, as the earth is divided, into hemispheres. To build against America would be absurd, unless we were making a bid for the hegemony of the Pacific. Against a folly of that kind one need use no elaborate arguments drawn from politics or morals. It is enough to realize that the United States has twice our population, and four times our wealth. She could outbuild us without feeling the strain, all the more as she is not handicapped with any Irelands or Mesopotamias, or cursed with a Churchill.

There are two possible policies for an Opposition in such an emergency as this. The simplest and most effective would be to call for a drastic reduction of armaments, especially at sea, without any nice attention to the excuses which can be tendered. Any bold man, whether Liberal or Socialist, could sweep any popular audience with him on this cry. All he need say is:—

"You have made your war to end war. You have made your League of Nations, and got your Parliament of Man. Germany is disarmed. Everyone else is bank-

rupt. If you want men in Ireland or Mesopotamia the blame is yours. If you want ships, which Ally will you fight?"

One other possible course would need a more elaborate argument, but it would not be less destructive to the Government. It would begin with a reminder that the whole of this monstrous naval situation dates from the refusal to consider Mr. Wilson's definition of the Freedom of the Seas. That never meant that we should surrender our eventual right to blockade. It meant that we should bind ourselves to use it only with the authority of the League of Nations. It is this root fact which goes far to invalidate our previous argument drawn from American isolation. If we start blockading again, then whoever our next victim may be, whether Russia or another, her trade will suffer. She wants some security against that contingency. If the League cannot give it her (and the League, as it stands now, is worthless), then she will build a fleet. From this we should go on to another matter even more vital. We have reduced the Wilsonian conception of "mandates" to a hypocrisy which is not even plausible, ignored the League, and taken the phosphates and the oil for ourselves. America protests. She next helps herself, doubtless by ways as devious as our own, to-day in Mexico, to-morrow probably in Kamschatka. Self-help of that kind needs a Navy, and she is building one. Unless these stakes of diplomacy, these prizes which fall, as the balance of power oscillates only into the heavier scale, can be allotted for the world's needs by the world's Parliament, we gravely doubt whether a revival of the old naval competition can be avoided.

And meanwhile that Parliament advertizes its own impotence each week more audibly. This week we have to register:—

(1) A refusal, under Mr. Balfour's guidance, to make recourse to the Tribunal obligatory even in narrowly legal questions, and

(2) The decision, under Mr. Fisher's leadership, to postpone a reduction of armaments, because the world is so disturbed.

The world will not grow less disturbed by arming. It is disturbed precisely because its rulers, from the day of the Armistice downwards, know nothing, and believe in nothing, but FORCE, and have sabotaged the League which should have been our one trophy of victory.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

"What a spectacle of utter bankruptcy, moral and intellectual, does not Mr. Churchill display! What a prospect he opens before us, of the more and more ragged levies of bankrupt Europe wasting themselves in the desolations of the East! War, and War, and more War, until the schools are ruined and empty, the factories idle, the towns half-desert. But we shall still be saving one precious thing—Freedom, Mr. Churchill's freedom, that is to say, to try one more gamble."—(Mr. H. G. Wells, "Sunday Express," December 12th.)

The approach of Christmas finds no portion of our people in a happy or a merry mood. Our business men cry out against Governmental "wasters" and taxes which cripple enterprise. Our workers in the deepening shadow of unemployment and dear food launch their curses on the "profiteers." Our professional classes, exposed to high prices and taxation without any corresponding rise of money income, feel themselves sinking to the very pit of poverty. The considerable fall in wholesale prices neither supports industry nor brings any comfort to the consumer. The slump in the share

market brings a deepening anxiety to the City, while the dearth and tightness of money are everywhere a drag upon the wheels of business. There is, no doubt, a widespread feeling that somehow these troubles are connected with politics.

But so far the jugglers and sophisters who form our Government have been able to prevent our people from establishing so clear a line of causation between economic distress and their disgusting politics as suffices to rouse a really dangerous public opinion. By piling crime on crime, folly upon folly, they construct a rampart of security—for a time. But there always remains the risk that out of the tangle of these troubles some plain, persistent connection may impress itself so powerfully on the ordinary mind as to yield a dangerous ferment of passionate conviction. Our Press is just now full of bitter complaints of demobilized soldiers who can find neither work to do nor houses to live in. In the industrial quarters of London and elsewhere processions of unemployed march the streets and commandeer town halls and free libraries. In the great textile and leather towns factories are closing or working half-time. Large engineering contracts are being cancelled, new orders for engines, even from our own dominions, are going to Germany instead of coming here.

In a word, war prosperity has departed and a spell of bad trade is upon us. Is this inevitable, and to be borne with such silent endurance as we can muster? It might so seem, did not another economic feature of the time thrust itself upon our view, the behavior of a Government which, heedless of these economic evils, piles up its profuse expenditure on a foreign policy in Europe, Asia, and Ireland, which is using up vast supplies of material wealth and life in destroying other wealth and other life, and in damming the normal processes of industry and commerce, suspended during four long years of war. It is no vague accusation which Mr. Wells, in his striking article, launches against Mr. Churchill when he insists that the public policy which this man incarnates is the direct cause of the stoppage of our mills and the poverty of our workless population.

The refusal of our Government and of the Allies to make an honest peace two years ago, conformable with our pre-Armistice pledges, the insistence upon piling unnamed indemnities upon our vanquished enemies, the war upon and the blockade of Russia, the carving out of an impossible East Europe, the armed incursions into Mesopotamia and Persia, the whole new vast adventure in Imperialism, capped by the atrocity in Ireland—here, surely, lies the manifest cause of our present economic discontents. These foreign curses have come home to roost. Each one of them blights commerce, cripples industry, and brings poverty to our people. That our military, naval, and air forces cost over £270 millions for this year, tells only half the story, though this sum exceeds, by some 30 per cent., the total national expenditure in pre-war years. For the operations in which these forces are engaged everywhere destroy existing wealth, and obstruct the production of potential wealth. Every one of them strikes back at the employment and livelihood of our people through the processes of taxation and of commerce. Our policy towards Russia has not merely consumed as much money as would have sufficed to solve our housing problem, had Mr. Churchill not poured it through his military sieve. It has kept millions of Russian peasants under arms who should have been producing the food and raw materials for lack of which Europe is perishing. It has excluded from our markets the stores of goods which Russia actually possesses for export, and has kept this market of two

hundred millions of population closed to our manufactures. The armed assistance we have rendered to France and her Eastern satellites, stops the economic recovery of Central Europe and reduces its population to starvation and despair. That means that Lancashire and Yorkshire mills are shorn of their great European markets, and must work half-time, that Northampton and Leicester must pile up masses of unsaleable boots and reduce their staffs. Continental Europe lapses into idleness, starvation, misery, and violence, because the Allies refuse her peace and commerce. The Allies, persisting in this wickedness, must pay in the same coinage. For no folly or guilt of Governments abrogates the natural law which makes the nations "members of one another" in the economic system.

Take the two latest instances of our complaints against Germany, *viz.*, that she is dumping dyes and toys upon our markets to the detriment of our home industries and employment, and that orders for engines and machinery which might have come to us have gone to German firms. How could it be otherwise, when our whole foreign policy has been directed to stimulate the export trade of Germany and to cripple our own? Every separate factor in the costs of production in this country is made dear by the Government's pro-French policy. Capital and credit are scarce and dear. Why? Because the Government takes hundreds of millions of what might have been industrial capital in order to finance its foreign follies, and because America, scenting the perils of this policy, shuts down her export credits, and makes it more difficult for our bankers to finance our trade. Labor costs are high. Why? Because foods and other consumable goods are kept scarce and dear by using our taxes to stop foreign nations from growing food and making goods to add to our supplies, while the same policy forces our Government and every other to continue the process of inflation which raises prices. How can dairy produce fail to be dear when our Government burns creameries and stops transport in Ireland? How can Lancashire resume her world market for cotton goods when her manufacturers must put up with dear and bad home-made dyes? How can houses be built at reasonable prices so long as we refuse the Baltic trade in timber, and boycott foreign fittings?

We could, if we chose, have peace, disarmament, reduced taxation, cheaper and more abundant capital, better credit and freer markets for ourselves and our foreign customers. We might lower prices, deflate the currency, stabilize exchange, produce more wealth to distribute and to give steady employment. Instead of these good things, we allow our Government to give us wars, expensive armaments, crippling taxation, dear capital, bad credit, restricted markets, towering prices, dishonest money, wobbling exchange, and the unemployment, the reduced income, and the universal discontent that come from diminished production. Our Government, under the incitement of Messrs. George, Churchill, and Greenwood, and with the consent of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (who should best know the fatal consequences of their choice) persists in this road to ruin and claims the consent of the governed for their orgy of misgovernment. Is there no reasonable mind, or at least an instinct of self-preservation, that can assert itself against these traffickers in ruin? At present they seem to sit secure upon their thrones, denying facts, fabricating evidence, falsifying judgment, laying heavier hands upon the shrinking wealth of the nation, and defying public opinion to interfere with their depredations. If democracy is powerless against such brigandage, we are indeed witnessing the death scene of civilization in Europe.

THE DESECRATION.

By HENRY W. NEVINSON.

WITHIN the last five weeks I have been for some days off and on in Dublin, and have also visited the following scenes of recent devastation or murder, or both: Templemore, Thurles, Mallow, Castleisland, Tralee, Ardfert, Foynes, Limerick, Killaloe, Scarriff, Raheen, Gort, Ardahan, Galway, Tuam, Swineford, Belfast, and Cork, in that order. On my way I have also seen the ruins of the partially or utterly destroyed creameries at Loughmore, Ballymacelligott, Abbeydorney, and Lixnaw, and the co-operative stores at Foynes. In all those places, with the possible exception of Killaloe and Swineford, private houses, people's halls, or public buildings had been burnt out, and in many of them murders had recently been committed by groups of men whom everyone in the place or district believed to be members of British armed forces, either military or police.

If reprisals upon innocent and untried people could ever be justified, excuse might be pleaded in a few of those cases, where members of British armed forces had been kidnapped, ambushed, shot at, or killed by unknown people who probably maintained they were at war with the British Government. Such reprisals, as I remember well, were exercised during the Boer War upon whole towns, villages, and districts where De Wet or other Boer leaders had raided our troops or stores. The justice of such action was much disputed at the time; but I witnessed it carried out remorselessly, and I suppose it is taken as a precedent for the behavior of our forces in Ireland now. In any case the conditions in Ireland are becoming very similar to the conditions in South Africa then. On that precedent, I suppose, a case might be made for reprisals during war time. That, at all events, was the plea of the German commandants when they ordered the destruction at Louvain and Dinant and other Belgian towns. But, as Mr. Justice Pim said in his charge to the Grand Jury in Belfast on the first of this month, "There can be no legal reprisals. If reprisals were carried out, or if there were an excuse for that kind of thing, it would lead directly and absolutely to anarchy, and to nothing else."

In Ireland it is leading to anarchy and nothing else. The worst of it is that the anarchy of reprisals is being produced by the representatives of "Law and Order." In Belfast and other towns of the north-east corner, reprisals have been perpetrated by Protestant and Orange mobs. But I suppose that there is not one human soul living in Ireland who even pretends to believe that the reprisals in the rest of the country are not the work of the British reinforcements to the armed police, whether "Auxiliaries" or "Black-and-Tans" proper, or, in far fewer cases, the work of the regular British army. In Ireland I have never heard or read even a suggestion of any other agency. Such suggestions are kept for the gullible majority in the House of Commons. The evidence of uncounted eye-witnesses is absolutely conclusive. I doubt if the Auxiliaries and Black-and-Tans themselves would question it. They would rather glory in their actions. They would defend them as human nature reacting to extreme provocation, or simply as the way of war in dealing with a hostile and rebellious populace, for whom they also felt special hatred and contempt as being unsatisfied with the British Government. Besides, the question always recurs: if the agents

of the "reprisals" are not in the service of the Government, how do they procure the motor lorries in which they rush through the streets of cities and through the country, and the rifles with which one sees them firing at random? How do they secure the immunity to prowl in cities at night and burn out buildings such as the "Freeman's Journal" office or the Sinn Fein Bank in Dublin, or the great shops and Sinn Fein Clubs in Cork, where the earlier burnings were all done during curfew hours? Or how is it that a party of five or six in the Auxiliary uniform could with impunity rush into the shops and homes of Catholic Irish people and smash all the goods, glass, furniture, and other possessions, as I saw had been done in Cork last week, while they kept crying, "We'll teach you to mock at us!"

I do not know who imagines himself in control of these Auxiliaries on such occasions. The men are supposed to be all ex-officers. General Tudor, in a letter calling for more recruits, has called them a *corps d'élite*, and said their object was to relieve the Irish people from terror of the pistol. With this object they swagger about the streets brandishing revolvers, threatening men with death for a mere word or for having their hands in their pockets, robbing tills, and taking whips from car-drivers to lash the passers-by. If this is a *corps d'élite* formed from ex-officers, God help our army! In thirty years' fairly intimate acquaintance with the British army, I have never seen officers like these. General Tudor tells us they get a guinea a day. What more they acquire I cannot say, but many of them behave more like a gang of bandits let loose upon a poor and distracted country than like the British officers to whom I have hitherto been accustomed.

Cardinal Logue is an old man—a man of known moderation and studied discretion. Let me, then, recall a passage from his Pastoral Letter of three weeks ago. After saying that men had been taken from their homes and shot because they were suspected of sympathy with Sinn Fein, their captors acting promptly as judges, juries, and executioners, he continued:—

"Lorries laden with armed men career through the country day by day, and when the unhappy people seek cover or fly, as one naturally would when a cry is raised of a mad dog at large, or a savage beast escaped from a menagerie, that flight is taken as sufficient proof of guilt, and they are pitilessly shot down at sight. No false pretences, no misrepresentations, no pall of lies, even though they were as dark as Erebus, can screen or conceal the guilt of such proceedings from anyone who knows and can weigh the facts."

It is difficult to give names or direct evidence, except where the victim has been actually killed and so is free from harm. The other day I heard a man give a quiet and obviously true account of his brutal ill-treatment by Crown forces, and it was supported by the certificate of the doctor who had attended him for atrocious injuries; but I dare not give any clue to his identity, as probably he would have his house burnt down or his life taken. When the manager at the Abbeydorney creamery near Tralee gave an affidavit as to the destruction of the creamery, his house was immediately burnt, and so was his engineer's. When Mr. Edward Lysaght gave evidence about the character of his assistant, Connor Clune, who was slaughtered in a chamber of Dublin

Castle "for attempting to escape," just as the brother of Mr. Lysaght's chief manager had been slaughtered on Killaloe bridge a few days before "for attempting to escape," the store of his Co-operative Workers' Society at Raheen was promptly looted. All groceries, jam, bacon, boots, &c., were taken off. Next day three bicycles and a typewriter were also stolen. From his private residence twelve of his father's shooting and other suits were taken, four overcoats, socks and stockings, besides the contents of two large presses of underclothes, a valuable Japanese bowl, his wife's wrist-watch, and quantities of his mother's underclothing and other dress, not to speak of portmanteaus and suit-cases, in which the brigands carried the plunder away. And they were Auxiliaries, members of that *corps d'élite*, all ex-officers and ex-gentlemen. Mr. Lysaght is known to all Ireland as one of the greatest benefactors of his country, owing to his experiments in co-operative farming, and the encouragement of Irish culture and art among the people. What new disaster may happen to him owing to this account (for which I have his leave) one can only fear.

What may be the Government's intentions with regard to the Irish nation, I cannot tell. Officers have told me that it is the intention to blockade and devastate the whole country, collecting the women and children into concentration camps, as was done in the Transvaal and Orange Free State during the Boer War. I cannot say. But I do know something about the present condition of the people under our Government's methods. Martial law and open war could hardly make it more pitiable. Cardinal Logue's comparison is exact. THE PEOPLE LIVE AS THOUGH A MAD DOG MIGHT SPRING UPON THEM AT ANY MINUTE AND FROM ANY CORNER. IT IS A LIFE OF PERPETUAL FEAR AND STRAIN. NO MAN WHO HAS ANY SYMPATHY WITH THE NATIONAL CAUSE (ONE OF THE CAUSES FOR WHICH WE WERE TOLD THE GREAT WAR WAS FOUGHT) CAN REGARD HIS PROPERTY OR HIS LIFE AS SECURE FROM EVENING TO MORNING. NO WOMAN CAN REGARD HER HOME AS SAFE. IT IS SAFER TO TAKE THE CHILDREN FOR REFUGE TO THE BOGS AND MOUNTAINS. THE CHILDREN CANNOT SLEEP AT NIGHT. DOCTORS TELL ME THAT ST. VITUS'S DANCE AND OTHER NERVOUS AFFECTIONS ARE TERRIBLY ON THE INCREASE AMONG THE YOUNG. MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN, AGAINST WHOM THERE IS NO PROOF OR CHARGE OR EVEN SUSPICION OF GUILT IN ANY KIND, ARE INSULTED, HUMILIATED, AND BRUTALLY TREATED. To my mind the insolence and scorn which will prompt armed men to thrash passers-by with whips as a joke, or to compel them to kneel in the mud and take the oath of allegiance at the revolver's point, or to sing "God Save the King" under compulsion in a cinema, reveal a lower depth of degradation in our Government's agents than the more violent "reprisals" of pillage, arson, and murder. I am convinced that such outrages will sink more deeply into the hearts and memories of a people who assuredly will never abandon their hope of deliverance from a Government that thus afflicts them. To put it from our own English side, what pleasure can the King have in oaths of allegiance thus extracted, or in anthems thus sung for his salvation? Of one thing at least I am certain: whatever martial law may accomplish, or discussions on truce suggest, there can be no possible hope of peace or of truce until, as the first step, the Auxiliaries and Black-and-Tans are withdrawn or disarmed, and such arms as may still be thought necessary are limited to Irish police who have some feeling for their countrymen, and to regular troops who have some respect for their officers and the honor of our English name.

A FOURTH WEEK IN IRELAND.

THE Irish landlord with whom we have been in correspondence sends us further extracts from the diary from which we have previously quoted:—

Nov. 30.—To-day's paper tells of the fires at Liverpool. Ireland in disgrace again, and no wonder. Yet we were brought up to revere Moses and his handling of the ten Plagues.

Dec. 3.—There is anxiety, F. tells me, about the two Shanaglish boys who were taken away last Friday week and have not been heard of. "The men who took them, 'Black-and-Tans,' stopped at G—— and left another boy at the barracks there, and bought a rope at R.'s shop, and took these boys away." I had already heard whispers on the countryside about this, and had said I didn't see reason for anxiety, for I have often seen letters in the papers from the kinsfolk of prisoners taken away and not heard of for a while, and who have been heard from later, perhaps from an *English gaol*.

"The bewildered and amazed passivity of the civil population, the state as of people surprised by sudden ruffians, murderers, and thieves in the dead of night and hurled out, terrified and half-clad, snatching at the few scant household gods nearest at hand, into a darkness mitigated but by flaring incendiary torches—this has been the experience stamped upon"—one would think in reading this it was a description of B. and his children, whose house and harvest were burned at dead of night, or our village smith who saved but an Irish dictionary from his burning house and forge. But it was written by Henry James in an appeal for the refugees from Belgium.

Dec. 4.—To-day C. tells me it is feared there has been "bad work, and that the two Shanaglish boys were done away with. A man, one Z., took notice where a lorry had turned on the road where it was narrow and had knocked down a part of the wall, and he wondered to see it broken and looked behind it, and there were two boys lying, their heads near one another, and dark clothes on them. He went home, and it was three days before he could rise from the bed. And when he told about it some went to look for them, but the bodies were gone and no word of them."

Dec. 5.—T. was here, says the "B.-and-T.'s" came back to Shanaglish after two days, asking for the Loughnanes, said they had escaped, and everyone believes they were done away with.

Dec. 6.—B. says there was news brought last night that the bodies of those two Loughnane boys were found "near Murty Sheehan's cross-road," in a pond that is back from it towards Ballinderreen. It is said they had no clothes on them, and had the appearance of being choked. It looks very bad, but these Black-and-Tans can do what they like, and no check on them. Look how the Head Constable was afraid to take a deposition from Mrs. Quinn before she died, and he in the house.

The "Connacht Tribune" has an advertisement of "German toys in great variety at lowest prices," to be had from an agent in—*Belfast*. Later in the day B. tells me, "It is true about the Loughnanes. I met two boys from Shanaglish. They had gone to the place where they were found and saw the bodies and they knew them, though they could not say what way they met their death. The flesh was as if torn off the bones. God help the poor mother! There is one sister, but no boy left in the house."

Dec. 7.—F. hears the Loughnane boys could not be recognized—that "the bodies looked as if they had been dragged after the lorry. When the men bringing them away in the lorry came to R.'s shop for a rope they took

a bottle of whiskey, too, and when he asked for payment all they did was to point a revolver at him. The bodies were brought home last night, when they passed through G— at 6 o'clock the dead bells were ringing. God help the poor mother, that is a widow!"

Another says: "The two funerals passed last night going to Shanaglish. I don't know was the mother there, but the sister went to see the bodies after they were found. She could not recognize one of them, but when she saw the other she cried out that it was her youngest brother. It is not known for certain how they came by their death. There are some say they were burned. For a boy, N., went into the pond after they were found to bring them in, and when he took a hold of the hand of one of them it came off in his hand. "It will never be known what way they died. There is no one dare ask a question. But the work that is being done will never be forgotten in Ireland."

Dec. 8 (a Holy Day).—N. says: "While we were going to Mass there were lorries packed with military passing the road. Those boys were winnowing at their mother's house when they were taken. It is said they dragged the eldest boy out and beat him, and the other took his part, and then they beat him too, and the mother looking at them. It is said that the mother went to G— Barracks and asked where they were, and was told they were safe in prison."

Dec. 9.—A farmer coming on business says: "B.'s house that was burned down and rebuilt by the neighbors has been raided again in the night by the Black-and-Tans. I hear they threatened to burn it again, but that the old police have said that if this is done by the Castle police the whole of them will resign."

K. says: "It would break your heart to see that funeral, the two hearses and the poor mother between them. She came from her home, but she could not recognize her sons. She had come to the barracks before that looking for tidings of them, and some say she got none and some say they were at Renmore Barracks. And the next day she got tidings they were found." Old Y. says: "Some say that one of them was bayoneted through the heart. Sure such a thing could hardly happen in savage lands, out in Turkey." Then: "There was an inquiry at the barracks yesterday, but we heard nothing since. It is hard to know what happened. There is no one dare trace or tell."

The "Independent" gives Mr. Denis Henry's "printed reply" in Parliament to a question by Mr. Devlin about these brothers: "he was informed they escaped from custody and had not since been heard of."

Dec. 10.—The inquiry is reported in the "Independent." "The sentry who was on guard on the night of the escape said the men were in prison on the ground floor. About 11 p.m. one of them asked to be allowed out. As the sentry imagined he heard voices in a barn close by, he thought it might be some of the men's comrades who were coming to rescue them. He left the prisoners to investigate the noise, and when he came back he found they had escaped. He reported the matter, and a search party was organized, but the men could not be traced. He had never acted as sentry on any prisoners before."

The "Independent" says also: "Before the funeral R.I.C. men, with two military officers and a doctor, arrived at the church. The coffins were unscrewed . . . the doctor's evidence was that the body of one was 'all charred and most of the skull badly fractured, part of it being missing. The flesh was hanging on the legs and arms. Death was due to the laceration of the skull and brain. The skull of the second body was also badly fractured, but not to the same extent as the other.'

The two priests who were present were in tears. Father N. asked the officers again and again to look upon the remains and say if such a thing could happen in a Christian country in the twentieth century?"

LAW AND ORDER IN CORK CITY.

THE following is a facsimile of two announcements appearing in the "Cork Constitution," the *Unionist* paper in Cork City. It would be interesting to know in what form this "request to publish" was conveyed to the Editor:—

WARNING TO PEDESTRIANS.

We have been requested to publish the following:—

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

8th Dec., 1920

We, the undersigned, do now give the male sex of Cork City NOTICE "which must be adhered to forthwith," that any person of the said sex who is seen or found loitering at street corners or on the pathways without a reasonable excuse why he should be there, or any man or boy found to be standing or walking with one or both hands in his pockets will, if he does not adhere to this Order, suffer the consequences which, no doubt, will ensue.

(Signed) SECRETARY, of Death or Victory League.

GOD SAVE THE KING,
AND FRUSTRATE HIS ENEMIES.

LATEST KIDNAPPING.

We have been requested to publish the following notice:—

NOTICE

If G. Gorgan is not returned by 4 o'clock on Friday, 10th December, Rebels of Cork beware, as one man and one shop shall disappear for each hour after the given time.

(Signed)

B. and T's.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I OFTEN think that the evil of this Government lies as much in their defiling of the English tongue as in their defaming of the English character. One day at least we shall be rid of them; but not till they and their journals have left behind them a mint-full of base verbal coinage. Here is a Government engaged in breaking the spirit of a nation, and enlisting for that purpose a mixed force of black sheep and soldiers on a loose end. The Sovereigns and Barons, and Lords of the

Marches of medieval Europe, did much the same thing, and so did the monarchs of the later Ottoman Empire. And in their incursion into Belgium on their way to France, the German commanders tried a somewhat similar method of meeting the local *franc-tireurs*. Only they did it with regular soldiery and by formal and open proclamation. They didn't pretend that Louvain burnt itself, or that its citizens took a sudden dislike to their library, and destroyed their Town Hall to spite the German army or blacken its character. Nor did they, or their journalists, abuse the German language by larding savagery with cant about "doves," and "olive branches," and a "truce of God." But our governors and their apologists lack even this instinct for verbal rectitude. The British folk have been addressed in their time with every kind of intellectual and emotional appeal; never before in a jargon made up of the bullying whine of Rogue Riderhood and the snuffle of the Red Nosed Man.

WHAT is the psychology of this governing world? It is a hive daubed with falsehood from without and lined with self-delusion from within. These men think that their Terror divides Ireland and isolates Sinn Fein. They think that the blame for the burning of Cork and Balbriggan and the creameries will be set down to Sinn Fein's account and that under cover of this Irish disfavor they can hunt down the extremist leaders, and hang them as they hung Kevin Barry. They think that Irish mothers will yield sons to their dragonnades, and neighbors neighbors. They figure to themselves an Ireland looking on in tacit approval of this pacifying work, or at least so crushed and terrified as to take the sup of pottage from the mailed hand that offers it. They think that while they reap this political advantage in Ireland, they can throw a veil over the misty intelligence of their own countrymen, and persuade rational minds that this planned work of terror, arson, and pillage was in one aspect of it a rudely just retort on Sinn Fein, and in another the act of Sinn Fein itself.

THEY think—but it matters not what they think. Their illiteracy is so gross that a single sentence betrays it —(as, for example, Sir Hamar Greenwood's statement that the Crown forces had no incendiary bombs, and that they were capturing great numbers of them from the Volunteers). They neglect even the simpler precautions against discovery. Greenwood, for example, tells the House of Commons that there is not a tittle of evidence to connect the Crown with the burning of the creameries. He is found out (on the evidence of his own officials), and makes a forced recantation. A few days later he repeats the same tale about the firing of Cork. Almost before the word is out of his mouth, the murder is out, and the auxiliaries are withdrawn from the city. The problem of such personalities as these is not merely an Irish one; their existence and success are warnings of the general and complete degeneration of our politics. Most people of sense and with the power of reflection knew, at the time of his appointment, that a man like Greenwood was utterly unfit to be Irish Secretary. But they do not pursue their thought, and ask themselves how it has come about that honor, character, prudence, insight, knowledge, truthfulness, and public spirit—the good conscience and the clear intelligence—are so wanting to such a Government as that of Mr. George. Must we, then, resign ourselves to the notion that these blessings live among the gods, or are found only in the homes of simple-

minded Englishmen, who know not what their politics have come to?

BUT that is to despair of England. We have some character left, and it is deplorable that the return to reason and the re-assertion of honor in public life take so long to get going. The leaders are there; the mass is there, waiting only for the word which sets the souls of men free. Take one man—not a very great one, maybe, but still a noble, outstanding figure—I mean Lord Robert Cecil. If he, coming from his gallant, but alas! almost bootless quest in the City of Calvin, will set up his standard in the City of London, the City of Manchester, or in any city, town, and hamlet that will hear him, and, despising parties, Press, platform, and Parliament, will simply say—"The government of England is an infamy, and is leading you straight to ruin. It wastes your substance and dishonors your name. I stand here for setting up the rule of honest men, friends of liberty and peace, and for turning the wasters out"—I promise him first a small crowd, and then a great crowd, and then all England. That is worth trying for, is it not? If he failed—what matters? He would at least have spoken the thought of thousands, and lightened the burden on their souls. But he would not fail. For there is fire on the altar, that wants but the hand to kindle it.

THE "Times" is weakening sadly on Ireland, and if it abandons its pursuit of the "wasters," because of their attempt to make the use of the black-list libellous, the power of the Press over Parliament is gone, and Lord Northcliffe's one serious bid for its leadership suffers defeat. The "Times" shows that the use of the black-list for erring Parliamentarians is historic, dating from the days of Charles I., and it might well have added Burke to its list of approvers of the practice. But the point is that it is a special weapon against a House of Commons notoriously dependent on a bad Administration. Such was Walpole's Parliament; such is Mr. George's. Mr. Belloe, I see, argues, in his new book ("The House of Commons and Monarchy"), that the Commons have sunk for ever, in character and in esteem, and that henceforth England must seek refuge in an autocratic Monarchy, by which he means, not the Royal House, but an American Presidency. It may be; but why should we assume this if the *people* regain their power over the Commons and wrest their Sovereign House from the grasp of the Executive? To that end the publication of votes, with appropriate comments and illustrations, is indispensable, and the Press must fight Courts and Commons to keep it.

I HAVE been somewhat critical of the Nonconformist conscience, and a little over-sensitive, maybe, to its later tendency to go to sleep on critical occasions; but I should like to be the first to acclaim the glorious awakening it has had at Aberystwyth, where, according to the "Daily Herald," the Congregational Church has passed a unanimous resolution in censure of Mr. Lloyd George's habit of playing golf on Sunday. Perhaps, Aberystwyth might have done well to keep an eye on Mr. George's doings during the foregoing Monday to Saturday, not omitting Saturday's hilarious wind-up of his Irish policy in the city of Cork (mainly, I regret to say, inhabited by Roman idolaters). But, after all, the modern Christian's business is with the Sabbath, and with the weekly scouring of the outside of the cup and the platter which is then industriously performed in thousands of Christian fanes.

WELL, let us clean the mouth a little, and recall for the general benefit of the Christian world the words spoken by its Founder to the contemporary "professors" of Jerusalem:—

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for you pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have left undone the weightier matters of the law, judgment, and mercy, and faith, but these ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone. Ye blind guides, who strain at the gnat and swallow the camel.

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which outwardly appear beautiful, but inwardly are full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness."

Rather forcible and direct, is it not, and not altogether devoid of application to the times in which we have the happiness to live?

I AM told this morning to divert my energies from the Nonconformist to the City Conscience, which has just had a rousing appeal made to it in the shape of a demand on the insurance companies for three solid millions of pounds on account of the Government's energetic doings in Cork. I am told that the evangelistic mission has been most successful; that the penitent form is crowded; and that there is a chance of salvation for scores of incorrigibles who have resisted milder forms of persuasion to quit the primrose path. *Ainsi soit il!*

OLIVE SCHREINER had long ceased to write much, but her death leaves only one great imaginative writer of English alive. "English" she was not; she belonged to no country, but to the world, and to the invisible world of thought most of all. I knew and loved her well; yet my memory of her personality, rich as it is, is as nought compared with my devotion to the writer of "The Story of an African Farm." I suppose that youth to-day hardly realizes the passion of such a book. It has won its freedom, we had not; and on the South African scrub seemed to be poured not only the life-blood of the artist, but of thousands of hearts that had suffered with her. I know that when, years afterwards, I saw the African veld my first thought was, "Then is this Olive Schreiner's country?" and that if I open her book to-night the physical vision it awakes will shape itself afresh to the vesture of that immortal tale of revolt and defeat. Her great effort seemed a little to check and intimidate her; and she essayed only one other work of large continuity, which shone with a kind of polished and reflected light, rather than with the fierce young flame of "The African Farm." But her character, in later life, while not without waywardness, gave an endearing and powerful reminder of her intellectual greatness. Her mind was of the Sibylline stamp; very early in the war she saw in it the beginning of a far greater conflict, and she spoke her thought in a tremendous parable (in the "Fortnightly") of which few took any notice. Yet she was never solemn, the humors of life rarely escaped her, and when animated and well, her sense of them overflowed in a kind of penetrating gaiety. Few marked her; London knew not how great a soul it harbored. She had even the journalist's eye for points and incidents; and it is a pity her running criticisms of the war never came to light.

I WISH to make a slight correction in a recent account in these columns of a miner's day on the Ruhr. The tale of 10½ hours is only worked twice a week, not every day, and these extra hours are devoted to the hewing of the coal tribute.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

"AND it was all play, and no one could tell what it had lived and worked for. A striving, and a striving, and an ending in nothing." Such was the verdict of the girl of nineteen upon human life, as shown in that premature and passionate work of genius, "The Story of an African Farm." And such, one might think, would be the verdict to-day of the woman who has just died, seeing life becoming more and more a fever and a delirium—"a tale told by an idiot . . . signifying nothing." Between that first cry of protest, which startled even the world of languid interest, and was recognized by those who knew as a work of genius, and the calamity of the great destruction at the end, she saw buried all the hopes and fears of men.

Like most men and women of genius Olive Schreiner was a child of mixed race, German on one side, Scottish Presbyterian on the other. The German overseer in the Karoo, with his gentleness, faithfulness, simple piety, and stories of the snowdrifts and sunshine of South Germany, is the picture of her German missionary father, a vision abhorrent to those who, two years after armistice, still preach hatred and revenge. Olive Schreiner obtained fame when a mere girl with her one great book. She wrote many afterwards, like the author of "John Inglesant," some of which were polemic, like his, some with flashes of the first inspiration, while others, like her book on the woman's question, revealed the power and freedom of her vision of human life. She was driven to take part in politics, and always on the losing side. She maintained interest and effort in the cause of women, which modified that fierce and merciless impeachment of their life which she proclaimed before ever she knew life at all. "To be born a woman is to be born branded," was, indeed, the assertion of her later years; but in the earlier, to be born a woman was to be hunted by the Furies. Few writers have ever stamped upon their readers so savage an impression of absolute sincerity. Few, again, so much longing for sympathy and compassion among those who could see under the thin guise of fiction, one who, "from youth up," had encountered life's terrors "with a troubled mind." It is good to realize that something at least of such happiness as experience can provide came to her who thus journeyed stormily between a sleep and a sleep.

Her great work remains to-day and will endure. We doubt whether there can be any serious challenge of its claim to be the greatest book written by a woman since "Wuthering Heights." And it is doubtful if, in its sureness of touch, its sincerity, and its quality of smouldering passion and fury, it does not surpass even that manifestation of human emotion. The South African farm was no more relevant to the one than the Yorkshire dales to the other. There is a background of a certain local color, the isolation, the beasts and birds, the desert, the tiny settlement: all under the glare of the African sunlight or the magic of the African moon. But it would have been as sensible for Thoreau to have called "Walden" "A picnic by a pond," or Carlyle to call "Sartor" "Memories of a Scottish Village." The interest is entirely of the soul. The struggle is that of human will against human will, and of human will against the implacable forces outside it which tear and rend it and mock at it, and leave it beaten, if still protesting. Shakespeare would have put this struggle upon the sea-coasts of Bohemia, or the Kingdom of Denmark.

Meredith (who first recognized Olive Schreiner's genius), in the smugness and comfort of nineteenth-century England. This woman has shown it in the midst of the desolation and loneliness of one tiny speck of life in a wilderness: where two or three boys and girls, and, later, men and women, find themselves alone with God and their own souls. In this loneliness the writer attacks three of the accepted orthodoxies—the Protestant religion, the position of woman, the conventional optimism of human life. The first, perhaps, caused most sensation at the time her work was published, and even led to a rebuke from Gladstone in an otherwise unqualified eulogy.

Nearly forty years have passed and this attack has ceased to terrify. Indeed, men to-day would be more surprised at the appearance of a defender than of an assailant. But the attempts of Waldo to demand that fire shall descend from heaven upon the dinner that he is offering to God, the struggle of Lyndall from the first belief in a terrible Deity of destruction and revenge through the comfort of conversion to the love of Jesus, to a final, hard, stern rejection of anything but belief in a survival of the all while the individual perishes; is the record of the experience of a generation whose religion has fallen to pieces, and is still only half-conscious that it is dead. The revolt against the position of woman by this astonishing child, is not really concerned with equality of rights or citizenship, or even equality of respect between one sex and another. Lyndall makes much of these superficial injustices. She knows that only her beauty and her charm give her the so-called respect of men. She knows that if she is ugly or when she is old that respect will be withheld.

But her controversy is not really with men's treatment of womanhood, but with womanhood as created by Providence or Nature or God. Three men are in love with her. The one worships with a kind of dumb and animal-like devotion which kills him when he hears of her death; another meets her with a triumphant passion which offers her all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and simply cannot understand the meaning of her refusal. A third merely asks to serve her without reward, becomes nurse to her as she lies dying at the end, content if only allowed to do some service to that fragile, tormented body, and telling the story dully at the end—"What difference does it make to me if I talk or am silent; is there any change?"

No girl could have been given more. But she is in revolt against the elementary disability of womanhood; not only the coarseness and cruelty of man to woman, and the pitiless cruelty of woman to woman, but the cruelty of whatever blind or idiot hands have made woman; a drudge, a desire, a thing of chance and circumstance, torn by the outward irony of life and the inward unsatisfied longing, under an iron sky.

And the last, the attack on life itself, belongs more especially perhaps to the young. It is revealed in the poetry which is the especial poetry of the young. "Lift not the painted veil that men call life," cries Shelley. "Here where men sit and hear each other groan," is the reply of his Adonais. The sudden encounter of life, with its boundless aspiration, with the realization of what little it can give, has been the cause of the cry of every generation, since Bion wrote over the grave of Moschus "To man there comes no second spring." This girl faced it with defiant determination upon nothing but reality. Like George Eliot, she determined to "do without opium." Like Schopenhauer, she saw that death was merely playing with life like a cat with a mouse, and was bound ultimately to win. With

Stevenson's Will of the Mill she discovered that we were "in a rat-trap." In this remote, sleepy, comfortable South African farm she saw that change and death were stabbing human happiness, and that no help cometh from the hills. For each individual lies in wait a great weariness and a great loneliness. The boy and girl cherish dreams, they are battered and baffled by life; compelled to submission to an idiot scrawl across the sky, prisoners in the merciless hands of death.

There is no gush about it, there is no rhetoric in it, there is no false sentiment in it. She cuts to the bone, showing just what this painted veil looks like when growing youth has first realized that it can but "strut and fret its hour" upon a stage where the reason is doubtful and the end is sure. Of "the method of the life we all lead," she says in her preface, "nothing can be prophesied. There is a strange coming and going of feet. Men appear, act and react upon each other, and pass away. When the crisis comes, the man who would fit it does not return. When the curtain falls no one is ready. When the footlights are brightest they are blown out. And what the name of the play is no one knows. If there sits a spectator who knows, he sits so high that the players in the gaslight cannot hear his breathing."

It is the protest of youth against life itself. That protest will endure while life endures; unless and until some new religion gathers up into a defiant assertion of man's supremacy over dead things the conviction that man's will triumphs at the last. It is given on that limited scene with humor, with keen observation, with restraint, and that incalculable element of genius which makes for example the death of Lyndall an immortal scene in literature. Olive Schreiner in this book, as Bagehot's old lady said of Thackeray, is an "uncomfortable" writer. In her observation she resembles Mr. Arnold Bennett. Tant' Sann'e is only Auntie Hamps emigrated to South Africa, Bonaparte Blenkins is George Cannon with a more exuberant rascality, Gregory is Edwin Clayhanger with a little more tenderness, and Lyndall herself a Hilda Lessways who has become self-conscious instead of drifting through a universe, accepted, instead of defied. But while Mr. Bennett looks on, detached, with a kind of friendly tolerance of the queer freaks which life creates, Olive Schreiner is in rebellion that life cannot be "a thing so different." She offers some solution to the intelligence in the theories of Herbert Spencer and to the emotion in the mystical contemplation of natural beauty. But she is not satisfied with these, she scarcely pretends to be satisfied. "Only a dream, but the pain was very real." The summary of Waldo is the summary of it all, "Return to me after death the thing as it was before, leave me in the hereafter the thing I am to-day."

The cry of Lyndall is the cry of one who protests alike against life and its ending; who endeavors to obtain in love escape from life; who can declare at the end with the heroine of the American poet, "I hungered so for life. I thirsted so for love." "The gods," whether of intelligence, malignancy, chance, or necessity, "the gods are strong, and men should be very pitiful." Olive Schreiner lived in an age when even that pitifulness had been forgotten by humanity. She saw first the outbreak of corruption and ruffianism submerging South Africa, and then later the whole world falling to pieces, with mercy and pity denied. After forty years of such a vision of night and darkness, the very appetite of life may have been abandoned. "Blessed are the dead,—Even so saith the spirit—For they rest from their labors—And their works do follow them."

CHILD-ELEGIES.

"THE child is dead"; how piteously old the theme is, and how piteously common in hard, daily fact! Yet with how true an instinct the poets refrain from stressing the story as its frequency and pathos might seem to demand! The three most poignant tragedies in the Old Testament are perhaps the briefest: the sun-stricken boy crying to his father, "My head, my head!" the short-lived child of sin, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me"; and the blood-stained rebel of whom the King still thought as a child: "Would God that I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" The Laureate's "Perfect little body" is among the briefest, as it is among the most beautiful of elegies; and, long before him, Herrick twice outdid himself in brevity when he came to write of a dead child:—

"Here a pretty baby lies,
Sung asleep with lullabies:
Pray be silent and not stir
Th' easy earth that covers her."

Almost from Herrick's time, again, we find that still briefer epitaph in Westminster cloisters, which moves us more deeply than the thought of all the buried kings and queens:—

"Jane Lister,
Dear Childe."

Pagan Greeks and Romans treated the theme with antique simplicity. The child sometimes speaks its own epitaph. A boy killed at play tells his sad story in detail and excuses his playmate; but the usual inscription is briefer and more general: "Here I rest, a babe too young to know whether I did well or ill to die"; "If thou hadst ever seen me, O thou that passest by, or if thou couldst know how I died, thou wouldst water these bones with thy tears"; "Insatiable Hades, wherefore must thou hasten to snatch my unripe infancy? sooner or later, are we not all due unto thee?" In most cases, however, it is the parents who speak; and, if they moralize, it is upon the blindness or the wilful irony of Fate. The briefest and saddest tale that man can tell is when he outlives his own boy:—

"Nil brevius pote nec gravius: superante parente
Hic jacet aeterna filius in requie."

"Most miserable of women! whom Fate should rightly have taken, but mine own son hath prevented me"; or again, "It was I, your wretched mother, who should first have died." The tributes to the dead are direct and simple; "Ursa, who lived thirteen years, five months and five days; a girl of all goodness"—*virgo totius bonitatis*. "Our hope was in the child; now it is turned into ashes and mourning." Of two twins, children to a singing-woman, "No dance or song could lengthen those brief lives." Here and there the complaint is untranslatable in its passionate *égoïsme à deux*. A boy of fifteen: "Quod si vixisset melius fuisset. Apuleia plorans maestissima mater fecit." Another tomb echoes almost the same throb of intolerable anguish which beats in David's reiterated cry: "Reliquisti Mammam tuam gementem, plangentem, plorantem; destitisti, Vitilla mea, miseram Mammam tuam." Constantly, the parent breathes tender solicitude for the tomb; "May he live many years who, passing this sod, shall pray that it may lie lightly on the child." For burial then was often in garden or field; let us, therefore, do all we can to keep our frail memorial from desecration. "Lest our children perish unknown in the earth, even as their names have perished, this little tombstone speaketh unto thee"; "Whosoever shall hurt this buried child, even so may he himself fare, and all his kindred!" "Let no man

trouble us as we lie here; whosoever thou art, hail now and farewell"; so speaks a mother with her "innocent babe" of four. A faithful pædagogus has marked his pupil's grave for his own: "Dear child, this is thine abode and mine; here is our last home; here shall we keep side by side; thus have I ordered, who now survive thee."

"Here is our last home"; "here lies the boy in everlasting sleep"; "thy daughter is dead, trouble not the Master." A few generations pass, and we find a different spirit. Philosophers, says Gibbon, had vainly commended the doctrine of immortality to the multitude; but the "inflexible and intolerant zeal" of the Christians seized upon it, and Tertullian boasted that an artizan could now answer those doubts which had beset the wisest pagan minds. Doubtless the boast was narrow and premature; but at least it testified to one thing; from that time forth, the world must seriously face the great question:—

"Une immense espérance a traversé la terre:
Malgré nous vers le ciel il faut lever les yeux."

The medieval consensus as to future life was not quite so unanimous as is sometimes supposed; but the overwhelming majority of educated men would have given a fairly unanimous answer. Yet, in that answer, de Musset's *immense espérance* was strangely mingled with despair. Death, in the twinkling of an eye, decides between eternal bliss and everlasting torment; and St. Bonaventura only echoed the general feeling, at least from St. Augustine onwards, in warning us how disproportionately small the happier chances are—*damnatorum multitudinem, salvandorum paucitatem*. And for the unbaptized infant there is no happier chance at all. No later Puritanism was more severely repellent here than the deliberate and unanimous verdict of the medieval Church. Dante-commentators may assure us that the infants in his "Inferno" suffer nothing worse than the consciousness of separation from God's presence; but we find the most orthodox theologians counting this separation from God, logically enough, among the worst torments of the damned. A Catholic mother had no right to pray for her unbaptized child; nay, by a refinement of logical cruelty, part of her own bliss in heaven was to consist in the contemplation of others—her own not excepted—in hell; so far have theological dialectics gone to obliterate that evangelical word: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." We cannot doubt that mothers, in their inmost hearts, either ignored or rebelled against this. The true woman, in the last resort, would rather have renounced all heaven for herself than for the suffering child of her own pains:—

"But I wept like a child that day; for the babe had fought
for his life . . .
I wept like a child, for the child that was dead before he
was born."

Lamentably few, however, are the women's voices that come to us directly from the Middle Ages; we know a little of men's passionate revolts against the cruelties which too conscientious Churchmen attributed to God, but we can only guess at that which most thoughtful women felt. And, though child-monuments have survived here and there from those times, there are few or no epitaphs which we can compare with the pagan's heartfelt cry. On the other hand, the fourteenth century has given us two of the most elaborate child-elegies in all literature; Boccaccio's Latin poem on his daughter Violante, and that voice from Lancashire, fundamentally original even if we admit the inspiration of Boccaccio, which we call "The Pearl." Here, however, we are on different ground. The child in these

cases had been baptized; she had died too young for mortal sin, and the poet could dilate without afterthought on the glories of Paradise; here is a hope which breathes too seldom from the pagan tomb, but at the same time a subject which would take us too far afield for the present.

The Drama.

KING LEAR AT THE "OLD VIC."

THERE are so many ways in which ancient drama may be produced that one carries into any theatre in which an old play is being performed prejudices which go deep into tradition and personal taste. There are as many ways of regarding ancient drama as there are of producing it. One may think of an old play as literature, as rubbish, and as material for exploitation upon the stage. Most producers regard any old play as material for exploitation upon the stage. They read it with an eye solely to theatrical effects. Where an ordinarily intelligent man reads for interest or insight, the man of the theatre reads for cuts and points. He says, for example, "how long will this 'play'?" Or, "where can I get the most suitable intervals for my audience to gabble and stretch its legs?" These are primary considerations, which all must take into account; but they illustrate a general attitude. When Mr. Nigel Playfair recently revived "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," he was forced to create a bear in the middle of the piece in order to bring the interval curtain down upon a climax of some sort. When the Phoenix Society gave "Venice Preserved," the other day, they made the five acts of the original into two, so that there should be only one interval. And when a West End manager of the troublesome variety produces a play by Shakespeare, he will often transpose whole scenes and ingeniously dovetail them for the purpose of saving changes of stage sets or of achieving fresh scenic triumphs.

This method is the one which is generally adopted. Mr. Bernard Shaw, in a recent essay upon Sir Herbert Tree, made it clear that Sir Herbert Tree thought of a play as something to be created by the actor upon the ashes of the written word. He had not the power to think of a play as a play. He was a born producer. As the result of this singular perversity of vision, from which Sir Herbert Tree was not, and is not, the only producer to suffer, one often cannot see the old play for the new production. "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" is a case in point. Here, in all the self-conscious detail of the performance, a sort of highly painted ruin offends us. The play appears tedious, and the production an enormity. The whole thing is keyed too high; it is all sharp and strident, when the play is rumbling old nonsense. In an otherwise admirable rendering of a great drama, "Venice Preserved," the Phoenix production wavered between the universal naturalness of Mr. Baliol Holloway as Pierre and the gratuitously modern artificiality of Miss Cathleen Nesbitt as Belvidera. Here production counted for less than the individual performance; and the play was the occasion for brilliant successes on the part of Miss Edith Evans and Mr. Holloway, but not for strict justice to the tragedy as a whole. It was a mixture, saved only by the sincerity of most of the principals and by the high dramatic quality of the text.

Far better than either of these was the simplicity of Mr. Robert Atkins's "King Lear" at the "Old Vic"; because here one was given, in swift scenes, against sober and unpretentious backgrounds, a tragedy that is unsurpassed in natural poignancy. There was not the Noah's Ark brightness of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," nor the mournful sophistication of the balconied scene of "Venice Preserved." When a pictorial set was required it was shown; but many scenes were played

against a dark curtain. The illusion was so sufficient that one did not single out individual actors, or carry any memory in one's head of individual performances. It was enough that the tragedy of "King Lear" was being intelligibly given, that nothing was interposed between the tragedy and the audience in eccentricity of interpretation or display. It seems to me that I would rather see Shakespeare at the "Old Vic" than in the most gaudily decorated version one could discover. Just as a great story is best without pictures, because pictures shackle the imagination of the reader, so, I think, a great play is best without adventitious adornment. The simplicity and restfulness of the production of "King Lear" was a relief. Here was no strain to the eye, no distraction to the mind. There was no bear; there were no toy trees; there was nothing sophisticated or peculiar. Going to see a tragedy, one saw a tragedy. One did not see this actor or that, and one did not think of the ingenuity of the producer. The story was unfolded; it made its own effect; and the actors took their positions in the general picture. One saw the play as one would read it—for the essential things. Either Mr. Robert Atkins has a genius in devising that highest form of aesthetic illusion which makes us accept unquestioningly the truth of what we see and hear, or he has been forced by the bareness of his resources and the loyalty of his company of actors into an excellence of simplicity which is the best thing of all for the purpose he has in view. I believe Mr. Atkins to be an artist. I wish he would give us at the "Old Vic" a production of "Venice Preserved." It would be an excellent addition to his repertory, and its dramatic qualities are so great that it might well be popular with a public larger than that which a private society can hope to attract. But even if Mr. Atkins is compelled to restrict his activities, I must say that I have not otherwise seen a production of Shakespearean tragedy which so nearly approaches what to me is the ideal—a rendering in which everything is subordinated to the play as written.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

Short Studies.

TANGIERS.

IN Tangiers it is hard to do anything that some visitor has not done before, and quite impossible to tread except in the broad and Western footsteps of the tourists. The *habitudes* of genuine Moorish cafés are undisturbed by his clamping entrance, and there is nothing left to propose, however mad and immoral, that will ruffle the imperturbable smiles of the guides. Why, indeed, should it? My own, a true Moor by birth and in dress, who walked with dignity beside me in yellow slippers and cursed the poor and the beggars with all his strength, spoke, in nasal American learnt in New York, of the delights of Paris and the austerities of London. He had even heard of Drury Lane, and ventured to hope that I might be a friend of Mr. Hichens, able to recommend him to that modern Providence of good Eastern guides in time for his next drama.

Yet have I possibly done the one, and seen, I venture to believe, the true miracle with which one is faced in regard to the other. Although it must be conceded that innumerable tourists have visited this eyrie of a café, greeted its Moorish customers, borrowed, for a consideration, one of their pipes, smoked therein what one is assured is hashish, and marvelled at the beauty of the ancient city stretched out so peacefully in the hot sun beneath, it may be questioned whether any have come here to write as I am writing. I do not know why not. The proprietor was courtesy itself, and gladly gave me a higher table and a larger stool. I am even trying to think that I am posing as a European literary giant in the eyes of the orchestra in the corner. After all, the Moslem has ever had a great respect for a show of learning, always providing that he is not able to discover what a mere pretence it is.

The city, then, appears to dream below me. From this vantage point, in a corner of the ancient fortifications, I cannot smell its odors nor hear the tumult of its streets, any more than I can see last night's gay women in their sordid tawdriness this morning, nor image the despairs that no sun can illumine. White walls and gay roofs, green glazed minarets and weather-stained red brick towers, rampart and castle and garden, blue smiling bay and wide sweep of encircling brown hills, so smiles Tangiers below me. White sails fleck the sea, and busy launches leave bubbling wakes behind them. The gold and scarlet of Spain floats over the lead-grey of the fourth-rate cruiser at her anchorage, and far away on the horizon rise the sierras of the Peninsula. It is all very good to see. I could, in this corner of the hubbub coucht, make game of that which makes as much of me.

But I shall not, for last night I passed alone in the wake of the tourist, and visited, unguarded and unchallenged, his several places of delight. There were the open-air cinemas of the water-front, with every nation of the Mediterranean represented at the little tables, and a motley crowd behind the ropes. There were the music-halls buried in the town, where white women pranced and sang with black, and gave themselves to whichever of Moor or Spaniard or Frenchman or Teuton or Anglo-Saxon was prepared to pay the most. Above the town, and set in a fair garden, was a more reputable performance whither go the better European population with its visitors, and there lounged also Arab chieftain and Moorish sheik. In the streets passed and repassed surely as cosmopolitan a crowd as He who tossed us down into the field has ever seen gathered together in one place. Veiled peasant women, and middle-class Europeans in gauzy, low-cut blouses, with the shortest skirts; soldiery, beggars, monks; donkey-boys, water-sellers, touts, and guides; the blind and the halt and the maimed; the rich and the poor, and the prostitute of a score of nationalities; the unsavory unwashed, the rankly perfumed, and the rarer clean; goats, camels, donkeys, horses, and automobiles; little children, outcast as Ishmael, who can but make a chance shot at their race—God save us all! And in clubs and Parliament-houses they still prate about the color-bar and the example of the West where it is to meet the East. So did Nero fiddle, only when he was sure that Rome was well ablaze.

Tangiers belongs to the Moors (though here I write of fairy-tales heard in my youth), is protected by Spain, coveted by France, jealously watched by England, exploited by Jews, and double-starred by Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son Ltd. as a first-class sight. Each does his several office after his own manner. The tourist agency displays its placards in all the capitals of Europe. The Jew buys house-property where the main streets will be to-morrow, and corners the supply of necessities. France and Spain build barracks and plant garrisons, and England sends a pleasant gentleman in a straw hat and flannel trousers to saunter down the street. (Spain is also wise enough to build schools, by the way.) And as for the Moors, they buy what Europe offers them, and labor at the domestic arts and crafts of their forefathers to obtain the wherewithal from the tourists. Thus does one come full round the vicious circle of modern civilization even in Africa, a civilization which has long since lost sight, and maybe desire, of any goal.

Two aspects of it all stand out most prominently, and the first is, undoubtedly, the manner in which the West has abandoned any attempt to save its face or its dignity. Politically, one may contrast the fifteenth with the twentieth century: socially, a retrospect of a hundred years will suffice. Politically, then, in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, Christendom generally wanted the Moorish kingdoms no less eagerly than now, but how vastly different were its methods of conquest! Religion—that is to say, a sense, however perverted, of moral justice—was the cloak, and possibly, for I would avoid controversy, it was more than a cloak, a real thing, a conviction. Religion it was, however, misguided as much as you will, but still religion, which undertook

conquest, seemingly-wise, with fury and with prayer, in a blaze of cloth of scarlet and gold, and with the guild-hammered blades of Toledo. The thing was hard, and the fortune of war in the balance, so that fair queens rode out to the spectacle, with brave smiles and hidden tears, and prayers. To-day greed knows no cloak. That it talks with lies and double-tongued about self-determination and the sacred rights of nationality in the halls of Versailles only adds to our shame, for it invents a religion in which it does not believe and has no intention whatever of practising, in order to win an immediate end. In fact, it parcels up Eastern kingdoms in the privacy of diplomatic chambers, and proceeds to their conquest with hired armies and machine-made instruments of wholesale death. Where there is any hesitation in the parcelling, it is merely that diplomatists are not agreed which pirate ship shall lay alongside the impotent bark and carry out uninterruptedly the amusing games of Dividing the Treasure and Walking the Plank.

Socially, it was less than a century ago that Westerns felt hesitation at allowing their women to parade before Orientals unattended, and to Eastern eyes exposed more shamelessly than slaves in the public rooms of houses. Even our merchant trafficking attempted to uphold the dignity of white men. Even in our amusements we considered it honorable to be restrained before color. Maybe we were fools and Pharisees; in much I should feel so. But that is one thing. It is another that decent European girls should make their flirtatious love-approaches, in silks that accentuate their form and make shameless their covered nudity, before ogling camel-drivers from the Sudan and the contemptuous sheiks of Morocco. It is another that we should display our senseless amusements and our naked greed as though we were in Paris or in London. Yet that is what is done in Tangiers. One does not need to be a Puritan or a Communist to be ashamed.

Such, then, to-day, is the city from which came the builders of the Giralda and the Mosque of Cordoba. No one asks to whom it ought to belong; no one considers what is best for its inhabitants in the proposals bruited about for its "development"; and yet that such questions might be justly determined we were led to the slaughter in Flanders. Tangiers is very far from Paris or London. No one contemplates direct action in its case. Great Britain is, in the jargon of politicians, "not concerned"; and indeed, in a sense, I am not suggesting that she should be. But there are hapless folk in Tangiers, as in other places, who have lives to lead and of whom it must be predicated that they have "rights," and I did not observe that there was much talk of them. Only here, as in many other odd places of the earth, it was possible to speculate grimly as to what Justice the East finds in the West.

But a second aspect of Tangiers struck me as forcibly. Tangiers, despite us, is still Eastern. By a marvel, so incredible that it is hardly noticed, it may still be double-starred in the guide-books. Americans, doing the round of Europe, can still see the East by way of a side-show, in a day's excursion. Despite their Western sisters, there are still women in Tangiers who have not drawn aside their veils. There are Moors who continue to wear *jellabiyah* and slippers from choice. There are still Jews, in black caftans, who will step into the gutter for Moors in white *bournouzes*, and still hill-men, with blue eyes, who will curse you. There are Arabs who will not look at you, boys learning the Koran in a sing-song chant, story-tellers repeating the Arabian Nights, Eastern poor who subsist on the alms of the faithful; prisons, harems, and slaves. There are also mosques into which no heretic Christian may enter, though the doors are neither locked nor guarded.

So does Tangiers keep her own. Dumb and defenceless, she keeps her own. She is old, old, very old, older than the shameless West that mocks her, old in patience, old in sin. She will never recover her empires, for yellow men will have no more place for her than white, if yellow come to rule the world, but she will pass away, mumbling her dreams. Never will she be able to lock or guard the door of her mosque, but when Christians enter freely, she will not be.

ROBERT KEABLE.

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Letters to the Editor.

IS THERE A NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE?

SIR,—Can Dr. Roberts or anyone else point to a more fundamental distinction between the teaching of Jesus and that of the earlier religions than his emphatic repudiation of the Mosaic doctrine of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"? Doubtless the religious leaders of that day complained, like Dr. Roberts, of the "misleading emphasis" he thus "put upon reprisals, while the outrages that called them forth were" not even "rebuked in a perfunctory way." History repeats itself, and while the "man in the street" knows that individually he is often inclined to revert to the heathen *lex talionis*, he still likes to think that the law and justice of the State and of the Church are based upon a higher principle, and he will not long have much use for Nonconformist Christianity if its leaders object to emphasis being laid on the most characteristic teaching of Christ.—Yours, &c.,

W. S. ROWNTREE.

Encliffe, Granville Road, Scarborough.

SIR,—It is generous of THE NATION to open its columns to those of the rank and file of our ministry who would question some of the implications of "Wayfarer's" criticism. At a first reading one's feeling was that we had indeed been wounded in the house of a friend. Further reflection and inquiry, however, indicated that your reproaches were still in great measure justified.

For example, a ministerial friend in a large town in Lancashire, where Nonconformity is considered particularly robust, told me that he stood practically alone in his condemnation of the Government policy in Ireland.

Again, in another manufacturing town in the North, at a meeting of Anglican and Nonconformist ministers, a suggestion was made (following the lead of the Dean of Manchester) that a united protest in the name of Christianity be made against the policy of reprisals. It was emphatically rejected, the Nonconformists being most violently hostile. Only two of them approved and one Anglican—himself an Irish Protestant.

Nevertheless there is another side. It should be remembered that the "Quaker" testimony against war, against conscription, and even against "D.O.R.A." was far from unanimous, and that even some "leading" Quakers repudiate what is known as the Quaker position. On the other hand, when in 1915 Christians of all denominations, dissatisfied with the attitude of the Churches to war, formed the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the number of ministers and students for the ministry who took the pacifist position was astonishing and inspiring. The "Quaker" view was never so widely held outside Quakerism as it has been during the recent war, and that among the generation who are shaping the Nonconformist opinion of to-morrow.

Again, a missionary friend, lately home from India, was expressing his condemnation of the Amritsar massacre, and the injury done to the cause of Christianity and to Britain herself. I asked if he had seen the justification of General Dyer's policy in the religious Press. He shook his head, and replied: "I never read the religious papers."

These instances go to support your faithful and whole-some criticism of us; yet in one respect you were unjust, as several correspondents have urged. You did not distinguish between those who are leaders and those who are just prominent persons, the tall, imposing reeds who sway with the wind. In the circumstances the confusion was excusable. But did it ever occur to you how many Nonconformists own the leadership of THE NATION? And perhaps you never realized that, in the horrible days of frenzy, many men found their most valued spiritual light and leadership in (for example only, and among other things) the articles "By an Unknown Disciple."—Yours, &c.,

W. E. IRELAND.

Park Green Congregational Church, Macclesfield.

SIR,—Nonconformity has lost its soul, the Church has lost its soul, the nation (the people, not the periodical) has

lost its soul. "Wayfarer's" criticisms are true. A man does not require knowledge of Ways and Means Committees and minutes of conferences to pass a judgment like his. It is given with the penetrating insight of men whose souls burn with righteous (not Church) zeal for humanity. Smaller minds have not the gift, and not understanding it, rush in like fools where angels fear to tread. They are enveloped in a thick, dark wood, lost in the labyrinthian ways of Church organization, and the vision from the mountain peak is not for them. They have not yet arrived at that state of spiritual evolution when they can bear the light of Moses, Elias, and Jesus.

Living in the centre of this country is an English business man of noble character, fine intellect, and limited means. For forty years this man has given his Sabbaths to lay preaching in Nonconformist chapels, receiving no pecuniary reward, and usually paying his own expenses. He brought up a large family of children in Nonconformist ideals and practice. With two exceptions, these children have left the Church within the last ten or twelve years, because they are utterly unable to harmonize Church ideals with Church practice. One received his final shock on these matters in a noted Nonconformist college.

Yet, if the nation regains its soul, it will come from young men and women like these, of whom there are many in this country, living obscure, isolated lives, with cherished ideals, sometimes speaking the truth in love, at others being wise as serpents and harmless as doves, and again, denouncing the unrighteousness of this and other nations with the anger of Moses when he broke the tables of stone, and Jesus when he drove the money-changers out of the temple; young men and women who are daily persecuted in petty ways, and sometimes in larger measure, for their opinions; who are scorned and ridiculed as mad for saying that McSwiney (he needs no "Mister") will go down to posterity as one of the greatest martyrs of all time; who are roused to indignation when *Churchmen* denounce murder by Irishmen without telling of centuries of misgovernment and faithlessness which have goaded idealists to commit those desperate deeds in the justified belief that in no other way could they obtain justice from an enlightened nation; who cannot bear to hear the name of Jesus from the lips of men connected with the Church because thereby is conjured up the vision of mountainous masses of humbug and hypocrisy; who, from the point of view of the men who organized it, regard the event of the burial of an Unknown Soldier as the most gigantic piece of humbug perpetrated on a nation's simple-minded ones, since those men, with glad and willing hearts, would send us to war again at any moment; who regard empire as an anachronism incompatible with the spirit of a genuine League of Nations, and to be scrapped with all the worn-out traditions, customs, trappings, and tinzellings of Debit Time; who regard the action of the Labor Party in refusing to go to war with Russia as the most Christian act of any nation at any time, and therein find inspiration to go forward; and who know that *Christianity* does not dwell in the Churches, but is to be found in *individuals* outside, leavening the leaven of a social revolution for the enthronement of humanity in all classes.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. FARMER.

15, Harrow View Road, Ealing, W. 5.

SIR,—Your recent strictures on English Nonconformists equally apply to Scottish Presbyterians. In not one of their Church Courts has any protest as yet been made against reprisals in Ireland. In not one was any protest made against the ruthless punishment of conscientious objectors. In the Metropolitan Presbytery of one of her churches a proposal to petition the Government on their behalf was opposed and defeated. The few ministers throughout the country who expressed sympathy with them or visited them in prison were boycotted.—Yours, &c.,

PROB PUDOR!

Edinburgh.

SIR,—I have been a reader of THE NATION for some years, and have generally agreed with the policy for which it stands, but I venture to say that an unbiassed man could not have written the bitter attack on Nonconformity on

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account only of Dr. Roberts's letter to "The Manchester Guardian." It served as a good excuse. I do not agree with the attitude taken up by Dr. Roberts, though there is something to be said for it, but there must have been some other influence or prejudice in the mind of "Wayfarer" to bring out of him that venomous article. It is remarkable, too, that no attack has been made on the Roman Church or its Hierarchy on account of the state of Ireland to-day, for which it is more responsible than anybody or anything else. That is the root of all the trouble, and it is certain that if Nonconformity had the same authority in Ireland as the Roman Catholic Church has, the present situation would never have arisen. But further, if Nonconformist leaders speak, they only speak to the individual conscience. If the Roman Hierarchy speak, they direct and command a collective conscience. If strong action were taken in that direction the situation in Ireland would alter in a week. If Nonconformists have been silent they have certainly said as much as the leaders of the Roman Church. Had not "Wayfarer" better turn his attention in that direction by way of equalizing matters?—Yours, &c.,

ANOTHER WAYFARER.

THE CHART OF NEW EUROPE.

SIR,—Your reference to Czecho-Slovakia in the article on "The Chart of New Europe" in your last issue contains several inaccuracies which you will probably have no difficulty in tracing back to their source. You will, perhaps, permit me to call your attention to the fact that in Czecho-Slovakia there is a system of proportional representation involving three scrutinies of the poll, so that it makes no difference to the electoral results in what part of the country the Czech soldiers vote; and consequently that no constituencies can be "gerrymandered."

Another inaccuracy is contained in the allegation that the Czech legionaries are an uncontrollable force, and that they are intimidating the Germans. If it were so, surely the German Deputies in the National Assembly would not have declared themselves in favor of co-operation with the Czechs, as their Deputies, Messrs. Krepek and Kafka, did a few days ago.

As regards German schools, the Germans have no reason to complain, for in this respect they enjoy a privileged position, as a few chance statistics will demonstrate. To take only one instance, the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia have 28 "gymnasiums" and the Germans 23, although the racial division is 7:3. If there is any injustice here, then surely it is not to the detriment of the Germans, but to that of the Czechs. Nor is the statement that there is one Czech teacher for twenty scholars and only one German teacher for every eighty children in accordance with the truth. The official statistics show that on the average there is one German teacher for forty-nine children, and one Czech teacher for fifty-three children. To give just one example of the Czech treatment of the Germans, allow me to point out the fact that the Czechs established eighty German schools in Slovakia, where under the Magyar régime there were none.

I am sure the Czechs would be only too pleased if the League of Nations would inquire into the alleged injustice suffered by the Germans in Bohemia. The League of Nations would discover that it is not equal rights the Bohemian Germans desire, but the superior rights which they enjoyed in former Austria, and which, naturally, had to be somewhat curtailed in the new Czecho-Slovak Republic founded on the basis of national equality. The League of Nations would discover also that the Czechs have gone far in advance of the provision made on behalf of the national minorities in the Peace Treaty of Saint Germain.—Yours, &c.,

ALEXANDER BROZ.

Czecho-Slovak Press Bureau, 8, Grosvenor Place, S.W. 1.

RELIEF FOR THE ENVIRONS OF VIENNA.

SIR,—Winter is upon us, and the winter of Vienna is always severe. This year its results will be unusually bitter owing to the poverty of the people, who are weakened by long underfeeding. Much and most valuable relief work has been done with great success in Vienna. But the large industrial districts outside the city have till now received very little

aid. In these the numerous factories—chemical, tile, rope, paper, tinned meat, &c.—are all either closed or working only part time, owing to lack of fuel and raw material. The destitution and misery are great.

The agents of the Friends Emergency Society have therefore taken the matter in hand, and have invited the co-operation of the Austrians, who have willingly responded. The local doctors have made thorough inspection of the children of twenty-six towns and villages, and in little more than a month ten relief depôts have been organized in the districts of Baden, Liesing, Modling, and Schwechat.

All these districts have till now been very sparsely served by relief missions on the ground that they were outside Vienna. The food rations for these new country depôts are supplied by the Friends Relief Mission and the Save the Children Fund, with the exception of the gratis rations supplied by the American Red Cross.

Will sympathizers help these poor factory folk to tide over the inevitable sufferings of winter and help the Friends to thus extend the work so successfully carried out within Vienna to its environs?

Any gifts of money or of new or partly-worn clothing will be of use. Money should be sent to the Friends Emergency Society, 27, Chancery Lane, E.C. 4., and clothing to the Friends Emergency Clothing Depôt, 5, New Street Hill, E.C. 4., and marked "for the country depôts."—Yours, &c.,

M. EDITH DURHAM.

GREECE AND THE WAR.

SIR,—May I be permitted to further support the letter from Mr. G. F. Abbott with reference to the "Case of Constantine I."?

During the war I had the opportunity of meeting some of the Anti-Venizelist Party, including M. Gounaris, the late M. Jean Dragoumis, M. Georges Mercouris, and other victims of Venizelist intrigue, and thus had a valuable opportunity of hearing their point of view. It was then definitely stated that when Premier of Greece under the rule of Constantine, M. Gounaris had offered to enter the war on the side of the Allies if they in their turn would undertake to guarantee the integrity of Greece. This the Allies refused to do, owing doubtless to their being at that time engaged in endeavoring to secure the adhesion of Bulgaria by the offer of Greek territory.—Yours, &c.,

E. SPENCER GALLIMORE.

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Poetry.

ARCTURUS.

ARCTURUS, white as a sword,
Shines thro' the naked trees;
Shivers the waterfall,
Chilled by his icy light:
No rat rustles, no bird;
The frozen finger-post
At the Ghouls' Crossway points—
"To Sirius, seven moons."

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

A NIGHT AT SEA.

WILDLY cried the wind about,
Down tumbled the stars in rout.
Star dust and silver spray
Tore the ship from the sea away.

Through the magic blue of night
Bull and Bear, golden with light,
Watched the ship from the sea part
And swing up into the sky's heart.

Foam flung to the night aglow,
Stars drowned in the gleam below.
Oh say!—where can there be
A miracle like a night at sea?

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* * *

WE have it on the authority of a bishop, whose words were made solemn by a pulpit, that Mrs. Asquith's autobiography is the greatest literary event in fifty years. It is proper that the Press, ever ready under a Christian pulpit, should have reported that. But it would be nice to learn what some blacksmith said, with less consequence, about the same book, as he made the sparks fly from a horse-shoe. The blacksmith might be just as amusing, and almost as right within a few years; for it could not be expected of an illiterate blacksmith that his survey of modern literature would, like the bishop's, extend back for half a century. But we should also like to know this: If politicians were not popularly accepted to be all that knowledge and wisdom can make of men, and if the results of the beneficial activities of statesmen were not so conspicuous in Europe from Cork to Moscow, whether autobiographical books by Colonel Repington, or Mrs. Asquith, or Lord French, would be considered of literary consequence.

* * *

IT is probable that when posterity, puzzled by the strange aspect of Christian society in our time, searches for the causes of our troubles, it may get some valuable guidance in the cheerful confessions of our contemporary great folk. There they may discover what wisdom it was that led the poor and lowly, and shaped their fate for them. They will know why wars and famines were inevitable for us, and why nothing could avert doom from the youth of our Europe. There is no disputing the importance of these revelations. But their value as literature? What is that? Yet there has been a book of confessions published recently, and clearly the bishop has not heard of it, which may be read as literature in the days to come when the important gossip with the vast sales of our own times is merely curious matter for historians equipped for psychological analysis. I mean Barbellion's "Journal of a Disappointed Man."

* * *

IT will interest our descendants to find that, outside the circle which Col. Repington reports at its dinner-tables, where the ladies were so amusing, the fare usually excellent, and the gentlemen discussed the "combing out" of mere men for places like Ypres, there was real knowledge and understanding. Beyond those cheerful dinner-tables, and in that darkness of which the Great knew nothing except that it was possible to rake it fruitfully with a comb, there was a multitudinous youth from which could be manifested the courageous intellectual penetration, the ardor for truth, the gusto for life, and the love of earth, which we see in Keeling's letters and Barbellion's diary. All is shown there in an exceptional degree, and in Barbellion's diary is expressed with a remarkable wit and acuteness, and not seldom, as in a description of a quarry, of a Beethoven Symphony, of a rock-pool of the Devon coast, with a beauty that is startling.

* * *

KEELING was killed in the war. Barbellion (who, as we now know, was Bruce Cummings) himself never went to France, for he was dying, though he did

not know it, when he presented himself for medical examination. But yet it is clear that, when secluded from the turmoil in a country cottage, paralyzed and his trunk already dead, Barbellion's sensitive mind and imaginative sympathy knew more of what was happening in France, and what it meant for us all, than the combined Cabinet in Downing Street. That spark of dying light was aware when the luminaries on whom we depended were blind and ignorant. Read his "Last Diary," just published by Chatto & Windus—but naturally you will, if you read his "Journal" and "Enjoying Life." Within a day or two of his death he wrote of the Peace Treaty (May, 1919): "After all the bright hopes of last autumn, justice will be done only when all the power is vested in the people. Every liberal-minded man must feel the shame of it." But did such men feel the shame of it? Refer to what the popular writers, often liberal-minded, of the daily Press, said about the shame they felt then, and compare. Barbellion, by the light of his expiring lamp, saw what was hidden to nearly all experienced and active journalists, and was repelled by an iniquity which to most of us is only now beginning dimly to shape. Is there any doubt still of the superiority of imagination over hard-headedness?

* * *

IMAGINATION instantly responds. Percolation is a slow process in the hard head of the worldly-wise. When we know that in the elderly, the shrewd, and the practical, the desire for material power and safety, qualified only by fear, served as a substitute for the City of God during the war, it is heartening to know that there were select though unknown young men, mere subjects for "combing" like Barbellion, who were a great and formless rebellious urge in the best of our boys made articulate; who could speak for them, who showed a mocking intuition into us and our motives (as though we were a species apart), a hilarious scorn of the world we had made for them, and a cruel knowledge of the cowardice and meanness at the back of our warlike minds; and a yearning for that world of beauty which could have been, but which the acts of the clever and the practical had turned into carrion in desolation. Would it matter now if we were bankrupt, and our Empire among the things that were, if only we were turning to sackcloth and ashes because of our betrayal of such young men and the destruction of their light?

* * *

THIS last diary of Bruce Cummings is sad enough, for he could but lie inert, listen to the last news of the war, and wonder incidentally who would come to him first—the postman bringing the reviews of his first book, or the bony old gentleman bringing the scythe. He felt, of course, the mockery of this frustration of his powers. He thought, and there seemed good reason for it, that he was a tragic failure. But was he? Read his books, and admit that he accomplished a little that is beautiful and enduring, and that he did it obscurely at a time when all the great and popular, who held most of the fearful attention of the world, were but working gravely on what their children would execrate.

* * *

SOME critics find in the diary of Barbellion's last days evidence that he remembered he was writing for an audience. It may be there, but it was not plain to me. It is rather likely that if we were writing a paragraph while unaware that the hair which held the sword over us would last till we had finished, that we might find we were not so joyously abandoned to pure art as we used to be. The sole interest of the book is that it is some more of Bruce Cummings, when we could not have expected another line from him. Apart even from their literary value, it seems to me that some day his three volumes may prove of as great an historic interest as Col. Repington's diary. It was just such minds as Barbellion's, not uncommon among the boys of our wartime—though in his case, of course, the cloudy intuitions, and vague aspirations, doubts, and hopes were transmuted and defined by genius—it was just such minds that the war-mongers condemned and destroyed.

H. M. T.



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Who then was this John Chamberlain whose private correspondence is thus exposed to the general public of 1920? In the "Dictionary of National Biography," which always begins its biographies by attempting to describe the subject of each memoir, as, e.g., soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, or what not, John Chamberlain is described in one word, "a letter-writer." Was ever before an Englishman thus curtly described?

Horace Walpole, whose name instantly presents itself when letters are mentioned, is described in the same great compilation as "author, wit, and letter-writer." But Chamberlain composed no book, and though he is often to be found repeating bad jokes, he seems never to have made one, either good or bad, on his own account. He swings, gibbeted, as a letter-writer and nothing else.

One other description might indeed have been allotted him. He was a Cockney pure and simple, and in the only document, not a letter, that carries his signature—viz., his last will and testament—he directs that his body should be "buried in the parish of St. Olave's in the Old Jewry, where I was born and christened, and where my father, my mother, my brother Robert, and other friends are interred." The date of Chamberlain's birth was January, 1554, and of his burial the 20th of March, 1623.

He took but one long journey in his life—to Venice, but of that magic city

"Where the merchants were the Kings
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea
with rings,"

he tells us, so far as appears, never a word. We hear of visits to the Lyttons at Knebworth and to friends at Ascot, but, for the most part, he was well content to live and die within the sound of Bow Bells.

His father, Richard, was a well-to-do ironmonger and Alderman of the City, and his mother was the daughter of another Alderman. Richard Chamberlain boasted a coat-of-arms, has a fine tomb in St. Olave's Church, and begot thirteen children, of whom the letter-writer was the ninth. All the children were carefully provided for, and John, who was a delicate lad, was specially commended to the "loving and friendly" care of a member of the Grocers' Company!

This is, indeed, a City lineage even more resplendent than that of another Cockney, a good deal Chamberlain's junior, Robert Herrick, who was born in his father's shop in Cheapside and was baptized in 1591 at St. Vedast's, Foster Lane.

Very little is known of John Chamberlain, except that he was for a time at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was (probably) a member of Gray's Inn. He never married. He followed no profession; and, indeed, until he began to write letters when over forty, he seems to have done nothing; yet when he did take up his pen his industry was prodigious. Many of his letters, and piles of them are still preserved in the Record Office, have been printed in divers collections, and have long been known to the curious. As a letter-writer he had one great and rare merit, he wrote an excellent and legible hand.

His other merits are hard to discover. Despite his love of gossip, and living as he always did near Paul's Cross, he enjoyed, as a collector of gossip, great advantages, he seems a colorless person. He tells us of

"Pure crude facts

Secreted from man's life, when hearts beat hard

And brains, high-blooded, ticked three centuries since";

of Gunpowder plots, of Overbury murders, of Raleigh's

execution, but he does so with an even pen and exhibits no evidence of either a beating heart or a ticking brain. Of religious feeling there is never a trace, though a new one was in course of manufacture; unless, indeed, his dread of the Jesuits and his honest distrust of the "old religion" can be accounted to him for righteousness.

None the less, this entire absence of "temperature" does not destroy the judicious reader's interest in these letters, for we learn from them how possible it is for the majority of men, then as now, to pass away the time, and lead quiet, and even dull, lives amidst the most astounding tragedies.

The latter days of our great Queen Elizabeth were encased and shrouded in a profound melancholy. Troubles encompassed her on all sides. Even Ireland, that one bright spot in our national existence, was aflame. The Earl of Tyrone held for a moment, and more than for a moment, Dublin at his mercy, having slain two thousand of the Queen's best forces, though London remained, according to Chamberlain, apathetic; an apathy which he shrewdly attributed not to either courage or wit, but rather "to a careless and insensible dullness." The condition of the Exchequer was as bad as (in Lord Rothermere's opinion) it is to-day. Spain and the Low Countries kept the Foreign Office in a state of continual distraction. The Jesuits were busy with their plots. Scandals of a terrible kind were common topics. And all the time Elizabeth knew her end was approaching. Six days after her death, in March, 1603, Chamberlain writes:—

"I have not written since I received yours of the 8th, for we were here held in suspense, and know not how or what to write, the passages being stopped, and all conveyance so dangerous and suspicious. I make no question but you have heard of our great loss before this comes to you, and no doubt but you shall hear Her Majesty's sickness and manner of death directly related; for even here the Papists do tell strange stories as utterly void of truth as of all civil honesty or humanity. I had good means to understand how the world went, and find her disease to be nothing but a confirmed and unremovable melancholie, inasmuch that she could not be won nor persuaded, neither by the Counsaile, divers phisitions, nor the women about her to taste or touch any phisick, though ten or twelve phisitions that were continually about her, did assure her with all manner of asseverations of perfect and entire recovery if she would follow their advice. So that it cannot be said of her as it was of the Emperor Adrian, that *turba medicorum occidit regem*, for they say she died only for lack of phisick: here was some whispering that her braine was somewhat distempered, but there was no such matter, only she held an obstinate silence for the most part, and because she had a persuasion that if she once lay down she should never rise, could not be gotten to bed in a whole week, till three days before her death; so that after three weeks languishing she departed the 24th of this present, being our Ladies Eve between two and three in the morning, as she was born on our Ladies Eve, and as one Lee was Mayor of London, when she came to her Crown, so is there one Lee Mayor now she left it."

The dying Queen, haunted by horrors, was not likely to derive any great comfort from the Cockney coincidence about the two Lees!

King James's succession lifted none of the gloom that darkened the bedside of his famous predecessor. Money was tighter than ever, and foreign affairs more confusing. Scandal succeeded scandal. The Overbury case, with its unspeakable infamies, in which the highest figures both of Church and State were deeply immersed, might make a Borgia either blush or gnash his teeth with envy, according to his momentary humor.

Here is a line about Sir Walter Raleigh:—

"I remember that in my last letter I said that Sir Walter Raleigh was not secure, but now he is past peradventure, for on Thursday morning he was beheaded in the old palace of Westminster twixt the Parliament house and the Church . . . the people were much affected at the sight, inasmuch that one was heard to say that we had not such another head to cut off."

Although Chamberlain had not a light touch and was no doubt wise not "to let himself go," even had he felt any inclination in those dangerous directions, queer incidents, unexpected occurrences, and those odd characters which always lend charm to a personal narrative, keep cropping up. What, for example, can be more unexpected than a cuckoo at St. Paul's? "Dr. Milwoode, preaching at Powle's Crosse, in the midst of his sermon a cuckowe came flying over the pulpit (a thing I never saw nor heard of

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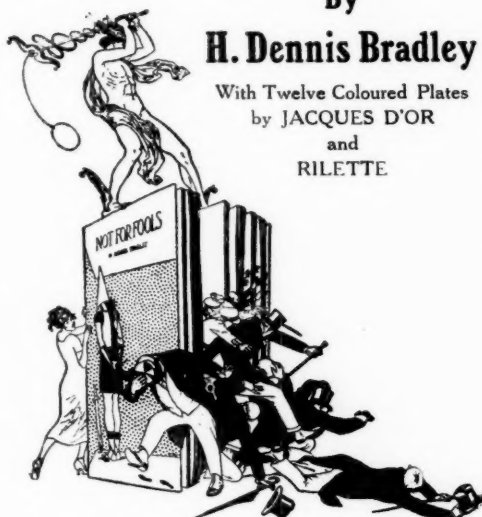
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before) and very lewdly called and cried out with open mouth."

And as for oddities, who can ever have been odder than Richard Haydock, of Winchester and New College, Oxford, who Chamberlain describes as "the sleeping Preacher so much followed and admired in Oxford"? Haydock, though a medical man by profession, took to the pulpit, but not being content with the orthodox practice of sending his congregations to sleep, went to sleep himself, and preached eloquent sermons in a state of complete coma. Oxford, ever fond of novelties, went mad over the "sleeping preacher," who, however, when he moved up to the Metropolis, was roughly handled by our learned king, who forced him to make a public recantation of his imposture. This recantation once made, James so far relented as to promise Haydock, if he became a regular divine, preferment in the Church, but this the doctor wisely declined and spent the rest of his days practising his original profession in Salisbury, where he was never accounted any sleeper than the rest of his Wiltshire neighbors and patients.

To the careful and curious reader this edition of Chamberlain's letters may be safely recommended, though as for the man himself we can only say, with Browning:—

"The soul doubtless is immortal, when a soul can be discerned."

A. B.

THE MAKERS OF LIBERAL THOUGHT.

"English Political Thought from Locke to Bentham."
By H. J. LASKI. (Williams & Norgate. 3s. 6d. net.)

WITH admirable expository skill Mr. Laski traces the thought-structure of English Liberalism in its formative period. Very few Liberal statesmen, or politicians, consciously owe anything to the great thinkers—Locke, Hobbes, Hume, or Bentham—who did so much to form the principles, ideas, notions, or phrases which are their stock-in-trade. Something of Burke and of Adam Smith they may have read. Of Paine and Mackintosh, Spence and Ogilvie, the pioneers of a Radicalism with a fuller flavor, there is very little knowledge among our "educated classes," though Paine and even Ogilvie are still read in cheap editions by many working-class Radicals and land reformers.

Yet, if ever there were a time for Liberals to stir their intellectual bones, it is the present. For unless they understand how Liberalism arose as an operative principle in politics, and how its task must shift with the new demands of each age, they cannot perform the vitally necessary task of adjusting their creed and practice to their environment. Precisely for lack of such adjustment they are perishing.

And yet it must be confessed that, with the exception of certain great passages, Locke's "Treatises" are tedious reading to-day, while Hobbes can only survive for certain bold perversities. The substance of Hume's politics, and even that of Adam Smith, is contained within a very moderate compass, and Bentham's ponderous tomes yield tolerably few aids to modern practitioners. The same is true of most of the writers cited in this volume, of a series designed for the education, not of specialists, but of the ordinary cultured citizen. In a well-chosen little bibliography we have the names of many commentaries. But original works and commentaries do not meet the special need of the public here envisaged. Such a volume as this of Mr. Laski should be accompanied by a volume of adequate selections from the principal works to which reference is made. Without such an accompaniment many of the able judgments given here escape full understanding. To take a single instance, almost at hazard. "Hobbes, after all, worked with an impossible psychology, and sought no more than the prescription against disorder." Profoundly true, but how can the reader unfamiliar with "The Leviathan" realize its truth?

We observe that more than one of Mr. Laski's critics accuse him of disparaging or even ignoring the profound reaction of economics upon politics. And it is true that nothing in the exposition of eighteenth-century political thought is more striking to modern thinkers than the absence of any strong sense of what is termed the "economic determination of history." Perhaps Mr. Laski might profit-

ably have given a little space to discussing the nature and degree of this obliquity. In his concluding chapters, however, where the limited Liberalism of Smith and Bentham is discussed, this interesting theme is fairly and accurately handled, and what is true of Smith, that "The problem of labor finds no place in his book," applies *à fortiori* to all the eighteenth-century thinkers, except Paine, Spence, and the forerunners of modern Socialism. The fact that politics meant "high politics," and concerned itself, theoretically, with doctrines of sovereignty, limitations of State, and consent of the people, practically, with party squabbles for place and gain, barely concealed under high-sounding professions, cannot escape the eyes of modern scrutineers. Mr. Laski recognizes how small and uncertain an advance towards democracy is contained in "consent of the governed" and a "general will." But he might have indicated more definitely the part which economic servitude has played in giving unreality to these concepts.

Though Mr. Laski can throw no new light upon the theme of Burke's divided allegiance to progress and reaction, he has many bright and interesting observations to make. Perhaps the general language of encomium which he employs is overdone. That "He had an unerring eye for the eternal principles of politics" (p. 225) can hardly be compatible with his later general estimate:—

"Man is for him so much the creature of prejudice, so much a mosaic of ancestral tradition, that the chance of novel thought finding a peaceful place among his institutions is always small. For Burke, thought is always at the service of the instincts, and these lie buried in the remote experience of the State."

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

"The Garden of Bright Waters." One Hundred and Twenty Asiatic Love Poems. Translated by E. POWYS MATHERS. (Oxford: Blackwell. 6s. net.)

"Most men," said Liu An, "are vexed and miserable because they do not use their hearts in the enjoyment of outward things." "They that would have joy from without," said St. Augustine, "soon become empty, and are poured forth on things seen and temporal." It is the eternal antagonism, not between West and East, but between the "Sæcularis," the man of this age, and the other, "surer of eternity than of time." Behind Augustine are the mystics of every faith, the wisdom of the Upanishads as well as the Patrologia: but with Liu An are "the great clerks and goodly knights that fall in tournaments and great wars . . . the gold and the silver and the cloth of vair, and harpers and makers and the prince of this world." And with these the makers of this new anthology will gladly go. They have "used their hearts in the enjoyment of outward things." And yet, because they have used their hearts and not their senses only, they have created something infinite.

"The Garden of Bright Waters" is far beyond the promise of its overture. "Colored Stars" had something of the refuse of the East in it, as well as much beauty. Its riot was the riot of a *matsuri* night when the procession reels through the streets, and the lanterns are dizzy, and the open-mouthed bearers stagger under too much *saké* and the weight of their red-faced god. This is nearer the mood of the Feast of the Bon, the thirteenth night of the seventh moon, twilight and lit with lanterns to guide the feet of the returning dead.

"How can a heart play any more with life,
After it has found a woman and known tears?"

That is from the Korean, and the Korean lyric is very sorrowful, the crying of "wild geese harnessed to the autumn moon." Yet even the Ghazals from the Afghan have lost the decadent savagery that comes of the greed and glut of desire.

"Autumn comes pillaging gardens.
The bulbuls laugh to see the flowers falling.

"Wars start up wherever your eye glances,
And the young men moan marching on to the batteries . . .

"The world is fainting
And you will weep at last."

The mood never rises to the strange, doomed ecstasy of "Black Marigolds," the translator's version of the lament

Xmas Day will sound the Death Knell For Many Innocent Little Ones UNLESS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS COME TO THEIR ASSISTANCE

An Appalling Tragedy of Cold and Hunger that only INSTANT HELP can Prevent.

LET ONE OF YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS BE THE GIFT OF LIFE TO A CHILD WHO MUST OTHERWISE BE LEFT TO DIE.

THE swift approach of Christmas Day makes even the coldest old Scrooge amongst us look forward to roaring fires, tables laden with good things, presents, holly and mistletoe, and the happy excited faces of children. Above all, it brings home to us the real meaning of Thanksgiving, and the solemn celebration of the greatest Event in the history of the world. It is because of the Birth of Christ that we look upon Christmas-time as dedicated chiefly to the children, so that we cannot withhold our presents, and our "Xmas Boxes," nor begrudge the little ones our kindest thoughts and deeds.

Yet this same Christmas Day that will cast its cheerful glow over many millions of British homes will see the children of our unhappy neighbours in Europe starving, suffering, dying—and even in Britain there will be many little children deprived altogether of the joys of Christmas; children who will be left in want at the time of year sacred to children above all other periods.

In place of gleeful shouts and childish laughter there will be naught but a horrible wolfish hunger. The very frost that sets us in a glow and makes us revel in our fireside warmth is a cruel and remorseless enemy to millions of little ones who have NO FOOD, NO CLOTHES, NO BEDS, and NO SHELTER.

It is a horrible reality—a stern and dreadful fact, that unless help is forthcoming instantly—without the delay of a single day—many hundreds, possibly thousands, of these poor, neglected little sufferers will die on Christmas Day.

DEATH IN THE MIDST OF OUR MERRYMAKING.

These Death Centres in the Famine Area are so close to us, no more than a day's journey, that they are spectres in the midst of our merrymaking, ghosts at our feasts. On every hand are the sounds and sights of dreadful suffering, the pathetic supplications of countless little ones, the agonised cries of mothers robbed of their children by Cold and Famine, and on the living—poor, wretched survivors—the seal of Death is already fixed and can only be removed by the instantaneous and unanimous response of every true Briton.

Can YOU; can anyone who has in his heart the least spark of generous fire, resist such an appeal? Can YOU buy your presents, remembering every one but these helpless children of our neighbours?

Gifts of toys and dolls for the fortunate children we know seem to be sheer mockery beside the Gift of Life which we can purchase so cheaply for some, at least, of the starving children in the Famine Areas.

WHAT THE 'SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND' CAN DO WITH YOUR HELP.

- £2 10s. Will keep 20 Children alive for a Week.
- £5 Will provide Hot Meals for 50 Children for 4 days, or will keep a child alive for a year.
- £10 Will provide a meal and clothes for 50 Children, or allow One Child to be

taken to Switzerland and Nursed Back to Life and Strength.

£20 Will provide a bed at one of the Emergency Hospitals for a Disease-stricken Child.

£50 Will Feed a Whole Village and provide Warm Clothing for the Worst Cases Exposed to Winter's Cold.

which so few of the tiny sufferers have ever known!

Readers of "The Nation" have already shown such splendid generosity that the "Save the Children Fund" has been enabled to rescue countless little ones by allocating Funds for Shipments of Food, Clothing, and Medical Stores. Will YOU make this Christmas Gift—the best thing you have ever done—the noblest action



Oh, what a contrast! XMAS will Bring to the British Children a Season of Joyous Happiness with Store of Gifts, a Feast of Good Things and a period of unalloyed pleasure.

Think for one moment, however, what Xmas will mean to the poor little innocent Children, starving amid such sordid surroundings, in the Famine Areas of Europe. There will be no Santa Claus for these little children—there will be no Xmas Puddings—no Dolls—no Mechanical Toys—no Xmas Trees—no Children's Parties—no Fires—little or no clothes—and what is of more vital concern, no FOOD, unless you come

to their help. These little miles do not ask for the pleasures such as our children know. They do not ask for amusements, they merely ask for sufficient food to maintain existence. Think how much your pleasures of Xmas would be enhanced by the thought that you had at least saved from death one or more of these starving miles, but do not pause too long—ACT NOW—for deaths will occur which otherwise might have been saved.

Whatever you can spare—however much or however little—will be used by the "Save the Children" instantly; without the loss of a day or the wastage of a single penny—wherever the need is greatest.

Surely you can spare something to drag poor little sufferers from the edge of the dreadful graves which Famine and Cold, Disease and Neglect have dug for the suffering Babies of our neighbours.

It is only by an instant and unanimous response to this pathetic, tragic appeal—a generous gift on the part of every true Briton to the sacred work of Child Welfare, both in this country and on the Continent, that this impending calamity of Christmas can be averted and thrust aside. Thousands now marked out for death can thus be restored to Life and Strength, and that Happiness, which is the rightful heritage of every child, but

yet of all your generousities? Rescue work is within sight of victory after uphill work against terrible odds. Upon YOUR decision to-day the issue will depend. Your contribution spells LIFE—your neutrality spells DEATH. And remember it is the Spirit of Christmas that calls you, and the sacred cause of the little children.

MY XMAS GIFT TO SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND.

PATRONS:—HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY; HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BOURNE, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER; THE REV. A. T. GUTTERY; THE RIGHT HON. EARL CURZON, K.G.; THE RIGHT HON. LORD ROBERT CEIL, M.P.

To LORD WEARDALE,
Chairman of Committee of "Save the Children" Fund (Room 534), 26, Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W. 1.

SIR,—I would like to make a Xmas Gift to help the Starving Children in the Famine Areas of Europe and Asia Minor and enclose..... as a donation to the "Save the Children" Fund.

NAME

ADDRESS

THE NATION, 18/12/20.

**CAN YOU PREPARE FOR CHRISTMAS THANKSGIVING FESTIVITIES
AND LET LITTLE BABIES SUFFER AND DIE?**

of Chauras: but then that translation was "Autre Miracle de Notre Dame d'Amours," a marvel of the undying fire. One fragment of eight lines from the Arabic comes near it—

"I shall never see your tired sleep,"

and half a score of single lines in half a score of languages have something of its richness.

"I have seen a small proud face brimming with sunlight,"
"She was a branch of santal: she closed her eyes and left me,"
these from the Afghan:

"The great brightness of the burning of the stars,
Little frightened love,
Is like your eyes,"

from the Arabic:

"Your feet which have the look of apple blooms
Under the water,"

from the Turkish:

"My long grey sword is sighing
In its blue sheath. . . .
We'll let death pour our souls
Into one cup,
And mount like joyous birds to God,"

this, from a love ballad of the Caucasus, ~~the~~ reads like "The Last Ride Together."

The translations from the Chinese are no longer merely decorative. Mr. Mathers has caught their quality of smiling irony, with its edge of wounding turned against the writer's own heart. They are too long to quote: Chinese art is deliberate. But in a five-line death-song from the Japanese he has the *ancien régime* at its greatest, the imperturbable ease, so far removed from heroics, of their carriage in face of death. Naga-Haru, a noble of the sixteenth century, failed in defence of his castle against the great Hideyoshi, and took his own life. His wife died with him, and this is her comment upon tragedy:—

"In a life where the clocks
Are slow or fast,
It is a pleasant thing
To die together
As we are dying."

It has the simplicity of the grand manner, with sophisticated centuries behind it. Turn the page, and this song from Kafiristan makes it a death-mask:

"Here is the wind in the morning.
The kind red face of God
Is looking over the hill
We are climbing.
To-morrow we are going to marry."

Two fragments of the *Muallakat* are here—the seven poems so old and famous that the lying legend grew of their being written in gold and the scrolls hung in the Temple at Mecca, before the Prophet came and took them down, and put his curse upon the grape. The first is of the seventh century, from the Arabic of Amr Ebn Kultum:

"Rise and hold up the curved glass,
And pour us wine of the morning, of El Andar.
"Pour wine for us whose golden color
Is like a water stream kissing flowers of saffron.
"Pour us wine to make us generous
And carelessly happy in the old way. . . .
"How many cups have I not emptied at Balbec,
And emptied at Damas and emptied at Caerin!
More cups! more cups! for death will have his day:
His are we and he ours."

The other, from the Arabic of Antar, is the greatest and strangest in the book:

"The poets have muddled all the little fountains
Yet do not my strong eyes know you, far house?
"O dwelling of Abi in the Valley of Gawa,
Speak to me, for my camel and I salute you.
"My camel is tall as a tower and I make him stand
And give my aching heart to the wind of the desert.
"O erstwhile dwelling of Abi in the Valley of Gawa. . .
Salute to the old ruins, the lonely ruins.
Since Oum el Aythan gathered and went away. . . .
"Who will guide me to the dwelling of Abi?"

It is the eternal silhouette against the desert dawn.

H W.

GENERAL MURRAY'S APOLOGIA.

"Sir Archibald Murray's Despatches." (Dent. 35s.)

IT is a little strange that generals will not realize that apologies are two-edged weapons. No impartial study of Sir John French's command could have provided so pitiless an exposure as Lord French's "1914." Nivelle's explanations, made by proxy, have but made his ineptitude the clearer. General von Kluck has destroyed all illusions we had of him. Even Falkenhayn and Ludendorff have merely limned in the defective lines in figures which, in their time, dominated Europe with an almost inhuman power. And yet Sir Archibald Murray has joined the number of apologists with the full despatches which he sent to the War Office. He makes no secret of his grievance against the Government, and his impression is that the full account of the Gaza battles will place at least part of the responsibility for the failure of the second on other shoulders than his.

Unfortunately, a careful reading of these despatches does not substantiate his case. The first three do, in fact, establish his claim to high rank as an organizer and staff officer; but no competent critic has even challenged his title in these respects. It was as a commander in the field that he failed, and the fourth despatch, now published in full for the first time, does not absolve him from any of the responsibility. This account deals with the events which happened between December, 1916, and April, 1917, and the introduction points out that the policy of the War Cabinet "underwent several changes" is this period. This is, of course, perfectly true; but in this case the changes were more than usually justifiable. In the earlier part of the period the Eastern situation seemed to have become suddenly and strangely fluid. In December Maude had reached the Tigris above Kut and Murray found Eli Arish evacuated. Two months later Kut was taken, and Maude was marching swiftly on Baghdad. For about a month the Allied armies seemed to be sweeping the Turks irresistibly before them. The Russians entered Van, cleared Persia, joined Maude in the hills beyond, while the British lines were being flung out far to the north and to the west of Baghdad.

At first the War Cabinet wished General Murray to make the "maximum effort possible" during the winter. Their next communication, given after the decision about the offensive in France, warned him that his primary mission was the defence of Egypt, and refused him the two fresh divisions he had asked for an offensive. A third communication, on January 11th, informed him of the decision to defer the large-scale offensive until the autumn, and he was later asked to release a division for France. General Murray once more pointed out that he required five divisions "to safeguard Egypt," and yet, when the Turks slipped away from Weli Sheikh Nuran, he determined to attack Gaza, "to prevent a repetition of these tactics and to bring the Turks to fight," with three divisions and some dismounted yeomanry. And his *coup de main* almost succeeded. He rightly claimed the battle as a British victory, and it was probably owing to this that the War Cabinet four days later, on March 30th, instructed him to make his object "the defeat of the Turks south of Jerusalem and the occupation of Jerusalem." This should hardly surprise anyone but General Murray, and the reply of the War Cabinet to his warning that five divisions were necessary was reasonably guarded. He was to pursue the enemy with all the rapidity "compatible with the necessary progress of his communications," and he was informed that, "in view of the military situation of the enemy," his present force "would suffice." Any tendency to sympathize with General Murray for being subjected to undue pressure is at once dissipated by his assurance: "I was therefore ready, as I stated at the time, to attack Gaza with my present force . . . and had good hopes, provided the enemy was not heavily reinforced, of capturing that town."

So far as the Gaza operations are concerned, General Murray cannot escape responsibility. The occupation of Jerusalem was seen in that blindness which pitted Townshend against Baghdad, the year before. But the campaign was arrested before that, and, as we read General Murray's mind, it is practically certain that he needed no pressure to persuade him to attack Gaza once more. He fought and failed disastrously. He had not appreciated to the full the inevitable results of his first failure. He had seen from the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia that positions marked down

THE FRIENDS' EMERGENCY AND WAR VICTIMS' RELIEF COMMITTEE INVITES

the readers of "The Nation" to continue their generous help on behalf of the urgent measures of Reconstruction and Relief which the Committee has undertaken in those areas of Central Europe which are the most severely stricken by Famine and consequent Disease.

The "Evening Standard," December 10 :—

"News from Austria shows that the whole nation is on the brink of collapse. The country's economic situation is hopeless, and the people are starving. As an instance, one correspondent says that General Bohm Ermolli, who commanded an army group during the war, is a daily guest for his noonday meal at a public food kitchen. The Allies are being urged to take immediate steps to save their late enemy."

In Austria we are supplying some 45,000 children under six with weekly rations. A recent medical examination of 85,730 children revealed no less than 87 per cent. under-nourished or in semi-starvation. The death-rate from tuberculosis was 58 per 1,000 in 1919, or one in four of the deaths, and there is no sign of abatement. Clothing is being provided for the destitute of the middle classes, and most important reconstruction work is being done to re-establish agriculture. In Germany we have undertaken the feeding of 5,000 underfed children in the Cologne area, where there were 10,000 cases of tuberculosis amongst children last year. Other measures deal with Orphan Homes, middle-class relief, and student feeding, &c.

In Poland the needs to-day are unlimited. Successful beginnings are being made to help the people to resume agriculture; although the grip of winter compels the distribution of relief. Soup kitchens have been started for the starving, and a distribution of clothes and blankets is in progress. The anti-typhus work is proving invaluable in checking the spread of disease.

This winter will inevitably bring death to thousands upon thousands in these famine areas. The numbers of those urgently in need are so large as to be scarcely realisable. In Poland alone there are estimated 500,000 orphans and 1,750,000 sick children.

Will you make a special effort at this
Season of Good Will, and

**SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT
R. S. V. P.**

Mentioning "The Nation"

to the Friends' Emergency and War Victims
Relief Committee (Hon. Sec., A. Ruth Fry),
27, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Gifts of Clothing (new or partly worn) will
be welcomed at the Warehouse, 5, New
Street Hill, London, E.C.4.

BEHIND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

the moral and spiritual forces of all
Christendom must be ranged if the
success of the League is to be assured.

Not less, but more in these
anxious days is demanded for
the service of others and for the
good of the world from all who
acknowledge Christ as Master,
and who are men of good will.

Christian Missions are close to
the world's deep need. Their
message is redeeming and their
work effective and uplifting.

The LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

(founded 1795)

can point to its historic accom-
plishments in the world-wide
work of healing, teaching and
preaching to vindicate its claim
of far-reaching human service.
In India, China, Africa, Mada-
gascar, Polynesia, and Papua its
missionaries carry on their great
saving campaign. The support of
their work contributes vitally to
the peaceful progress of the world.

Old friends of the L.M.S. are
invited to increase their gifts, new
supporters are urgently sought
in order to meet the need of a
£30,000 advance of income to
sustain existing work.

The Society's Treasurer is Mr. W. H.
Somervell, J.P. Contributions may be
sent to the Rev. Nelson Bitton, Home
Secretary, London Missionary Society,
48, Broadway, Westminster, London,
S.W.1.

*Property of all kinds may be left by Will
to "The London Missionary Society."*

for attack can only be taken by superior forces and the most careful preparation. But too often in the war a touch of success swept away all misgivings, and General Murray fails to persuade us that he escaped this familiar infection.

THE NEMESIS OF THE PEACE.

"After the Peace." By H. N. BRAILSFORD. (Parsons. 4s. 6d. net.)

In the first sentence of his last chapter Mr. Brailsford expresses doubt whether "the reader's patience has enabled him to reach the last pages of this gloomy book." Mr. Brailsford is one of the very few writers on politics who never tries his reader's patience. This is due partly to his power of writing well, partly to his power of writing concisely, and partly to his power of seeing the present *sub specie aternitatis* and eternity *sub specie presentis*. It is the last of these three characteristics which gives to his book its depth and its gloom and its depth of gloom. And the gloom remains, even a little deeper perhaps, when we reach the last sentence of his last chapter. Is that surprising or unavoidable? Mr. Brailsford analyzes for us, with astonishing clearness and insight, those conditions which the Peace and the Peace Treaties have established in Europe. He makes a very vivid picture grow up before our minds out of the bare economic and political facts. Summarized in his own words, the picture is this:—

"Central Europe is but half employed; it is half-starved; its death-rate means the rapid diminution of its population; complete bankruptcy threatens it; with this lapse into a slum existence its culture also must disappear. Poland is in a state appreciably worse, and Russia, after the war, the civil war, and the blockade, is fast losing the outward appearance of a civilized State."

That picture is as true as it is gloomy. And it cannot but be gloomy, for we appear to be watching one of those tremendous tragedies which history from time to time stages, the complete breakdown of a civilization, and the overwhelming of huge, helpless populations by barbarism. Such things have happened before, and, when they do, it takes a long time before even the victims realize what is really happening to them. They cling to the belief that these communal catastrophes are due to temporary and fortuitous causes, such as great wars and revolutions; but war and revolution are not causes, but symptoms of communal or social disease. Mr. Brailsford falls into no such error: as he analyzes the conditions and reveals the facts he makes us see what, in his opinion, are the real causes of the catastrophe. In the process of dissolution there has been, as he says, "nothing accidental. The peace was the expression of the mind of the capitalist classes in Great Britain and France, incarnated by statesmen who won an overwhelming verdict of approval at the polls." Because capitalism aims at profit, not production or productivity, we are watching the results of a peace settlement by which its authors deliberately intended to reduce the "productive capacity of the greater part of the Continent to a fraction of what it was and again might be." Such a settlement, coming after the tremendous strain of the war, must, if it endures, involve the "ruin of Europe and of our common civilization." Thus Mr. Brailsford sees in this catastrophe not an irresponsible trick of a cruel or insane Providence, but the inevitable results of those fundamental beliefs and desires of our age which caused the war and moulded the peace. "And what," the reader will naturally ask, "is the remedy?" Or, rather—to such a pass has the world now come—the intelligent reader may well put his question in the form: "Is there a remedy?" Mr. Brailsford answers this question clearly and concisely, as his way is, and his answer throws an even deeper shadow of gloom over his book. He believes, indeed, that even to-day the British Empire, under firm leadership, could pursue a policy which would "save Europe, force the revision of the Treaties, and bring back the glories of its civilization." But when he prints in cold printer's ink the bare details of the policy which Labor, in his opinion, would have to pursue, one understands why he is not sanguine of success. For the success of such a policy would mean that the powers, interests, and psychology which

made the peace had first been broken or extirpated. And where to-day is there any evidence that the people or their leaders have the will, knowledge, or vision necessary for this crusade?

BRITISH MAMMALS.

"British Mammals." Written and illustrated by A. THORNBURN, F.Z.S. Vol. I. (Longmans. £5 5s. net.)

THIS very large quarto, quite in the eighteenth-century manner, is to be followed by a second volume in the spring, and when the work is completed will no doubt stand on a very stout shelf next to its companion "British Birds" in the residences of all the Fellows of the Zoological Society. There is certainly no sniff of heresy about the letterpress, which describes the anatomical details, the color, the home and distribution, the records of specimens "obtained" (in the rarer species), the food, cry, and more obvious habits of each animal in the usual objective, pontifical manner of the professional zoologist. Mr. Thorburn also follows his brothers in the craft in their weakness for a paper army, and the uninitiated in this, the one human failing of the zoological specialist, will experience some surprise when he finds the walrus, the harp or Greenland seal, the polecat, the bearded, hooded, and ringed seals described as British mammals, especially as the seals are rapidly becoming extinct through the fur traders who hunt them in the breeding season in their own Northern homes. We should, too, have been glad if Mr. Thorburn had refrained from describing at such detail where such and such animal was shot, at what time of the year, by what hero, and where the carcase is now, not simply from reasons of humanity, but because such descriptions have not the smallest relevance to natural history nor the smallest interest to naturalists. It is strange that it should not be universally recognized that the observation of life and the taking of life are mutually contradictory, or that the mere collector and sportsman never are in fact, and cannot be in logic, acquainted with the social, domestic, and individual habits of animals. They are, in fact, the curse of science, partly because they make the creature so wary that it is next to impossible to come to close terms with it, partly because necrology is not zoology, and partly because they or their fellows in destruction exterminate it. This first volume includes the *Cheiroptera*, *Insectivora*, and *Carnivora*, beginning with the Greater Horse-Shoe Bat and ending with the Dormouse.

But the letterpress is little more than an adjunct to the sumptuous colored plates of each mammal. Frankly, these are a disappointment to us. In fidelity to nature, Mr. Thorburn is indeed almost perfect, except that his fox, badger, and squirrel seem to us too dull in coloring. With the squirrel, indeed, Mr. Thorburn has preferred the winter coat of warm grey, but surely the rich burnt sienna of the summer moult—the exact shade of autumn beech leaves—would have been a truer and more brilliant representation. And Mr. Thorburn's craftsmanship is fully abreast of his care and accuracy. In fact, he has everything except, to our mind, the one thing necessary. His animals are only life-like in pose, in pelt, in characteristic occupation; but they are not alive. Studying his plates, indeed, makes us appreciate more fully the genius of Bewick, who so triumphantly solved the artistic problem of harmonizing truth to nature with truth to art. Bewick's beasts and birds are nature's, and yet they are something different—art's and his very own. The fact is that nature cannot be imitated, only expressed. The artist can perhaps convey, but he cannot transfer the gloss on a butterfly's wing. Nature is one medium and art is another, each final in its own sphere, and the delicate business of fetching something in the one over to the other can be done by transformation, not transit, alone. We do not suggest that Mr. Thorburn is a copyist, but that he has tended to forget that in representation you can only be true to nature by being true to art.

THE publishers of "When Labor Rules," by J. H. Thomas, reviewed in last week's NATION, are Messrs. Collins.



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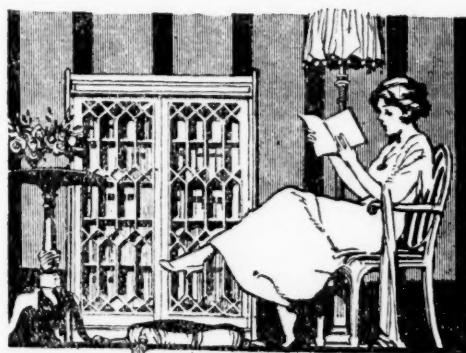
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The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE Economy debate provided the Government with a Pyrrhic victory, and an easy one, thanks to the selection by the critics of the absurdly low figure of £808 millions. Had the Chambers of Commerce figure of £910 millions been fixed upon, the debate might have been far more useful. Last week the Economy debate, this week huge Supplementary Estimates, which in spite of criticisms never get reduced by a penny in the House of Commons! This sequence of events is hardly a hopeful augury. Meanwhile the week's national accounts, with a further addition to the floating debt, draws fresh attention to the crucial points in the financial position. Sir D. Drummond Fraser—the author of the "War Bonds on tap," which did so well during the war—expounded to the Royal Statistical Society on Tuesday his plan to replace maturing debt by fresh issues of "bonds on tap" on attractive terms. But on what grounds does he hope thus to get the money from the pockets of the people? Any experienced banker will tell you that people right and left refuse to lend to the Government in the belief—right or wrong—that the more you lend them the more they waste. Sir Drummond spoke of a bond "of the Victory Bond type." Does he want out-and-out Premium Bonds? If so, this device has already been exhaustively examined and emphatically rejected. At present the only way to draw money from the pockets of the people seems to be by taxation; and the only hope of reducing taxation is to induce the Government to cut down the national bill by root and branch economy. That, at any rate, is the view widely held in the City.

The November trade returns were unexpectedly good, with British exports at a high level. But industry is quickly running through old orders, and new orders are being booked very slowly in many branches.

THE INVESTOR'S PROBLEM.

In the present difficult circumstances the lot of the man whose duty it is to advise on investment opportunities is not altogether a happy one. In answer to the question, "I have got some money to invest, what shall I do with it?" a well-known authority is reported to have replied the other day "put it all on deposit at the Bank." That is a policy of "wait till the clouds roll by," which is hardly justified even by the difficulties of the present position. Probably the gentleman in question was merely indulging in a jocose method of emphasizing the overwhelming need for caution on the part of the small investor. This need is very clearly illustrated by a glance through the Stock Exchange list. The changed economic outlook brings a new element of risk into practically all industrial ordinary shares. Shipping prospects are poor; the rubber and tea industries are facing a crisis; nitrates are probably fully valued. Few sections escape the stream of liquidation. New issues, whether industrial or municipal, go quickly to a substantial discount. Sound security and intrinsic merit should be the prime object of the careful investor's search. An old adage (with a large degree of truth in it) says that the best investment policy is to sell in a rising market and buy in a falling market. Circumstances are too abnormal to make any general application of that theory to-day. Government securities, of which I gave an attractive list on this page a few weeks back, to-day offer the best value for money. The small investor to-day should concentrate his attention upon them and play for safety. For purposes of mixing with a gilt-edged list, I cannot help regarding home railway stocks (of the leading companies) as cheap and promising in spite of all the problems of the railway future. Apart from these, there are banks and insurance companies with finances in an impregnable position, while debentures and preference shares in a select number of old-established and very strong industrial companies are offering very attractive yields. The man of small purse should be very wary just now how he strays beyond such a field as I have described. Unfortunately, the small investor is traditionally the man to seek for a high return. Chances of 15 and 20 per cent. and capital appreciation lure him on. He is the man to plunge heed-

lessly into short-term notes. Never was there a time when it more urgently behoved him to curb his speculative instincts.

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL: GOVERNMENT INVESTMENTS.

The Government is not always fortunate with the investments it makes from time to time with the taxpayer's money. The purchase of Suez Canal shares by Disraeli's Government was a wonderful stroke of business. But in these latter days the investment acumen of Disraeli has sometimes appeared to be lacking. British Cellulose, for instance, in which the Government is a substantial shareholder, recently produced a report showing a loss of £237,000. It is unfortunate, but perhaps inevitable, that a considerable number of people regard Government participation in a concern as an earnest of its lucrative future. Many are believed to have invested in British Cellulose in that simple belief. It is not perhaps the Government's fault that investors take that view. But some do take it, and always will take it. Nevertheless, if all Government investments do not turn out as well as Suez Canal shares, they do not all start as badly as British Cellulose, and those who have bought Anglo-Persian Oil shares on the strength of the Government's large holding in this concern will not at present feel regretful. The net profits of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company for the year ended March 31st last amounted to £2,378,313 on a share and debenture capital of about £16,000,000. Over and above their 6 per cent. dividend the preference shares receive an extra distribution at the rate of 2 per cent., while 20 per cent. is paid on the ordinary shares, against 10 per cent. a year ago. The report gives satisfactory accounts of the year's operations. The balance-sheet reveals a strong position. On the assets side British Government securities and Treasury Bills and cash represent over £5,000,000, while reserves total £1,815,000.

In this connection it may be of interest to recall that in the third week of August a White Paper (180. Price 1d.) was published giving particulars of Government investments. In this list the most notable items were £5,200,000 in Anglo-Persian Oil, £325,000 in British Farina Mills Ltd., £1,700,000 in British Dyestuffs, £629,618 in the British-American Nickel Corporation, £656,250 in Standard Shipbuilding, Edward Finch, and the Chepstow Property Company, £1,450,000 in British Cellulose, and £1,198,371 in the Commercial Bank of Siberia.

BRITISH OVERSEAS BANK.

The first report of the British Overseas Bank for the "period ending October 31st, 1920," justifies the confident anticipations of shareholders. This new Bank is strongly backed, well managed, and efficiently staffed, and should have a good future before it. Profits for the period named were £199,744. Out of these profits preliminary expenses amounting to £39,016 are written off, and £10,000 is allocated to the establishment of a reserve fund against investments in foreign countries, which, by the way, figure in the balance-sheet for the rather surprisingly low figure of £32,443. A dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. is distributed on the "A" ordinary shares, absorbing £69,242, leaving £81,486 to be carried forward subject to income and corporation profits taxes. Total assets are given as £5,222,792, and the balance-sheet discloses a remarkably liquid position, cash and money at call and short notice representing more than 50 per cent. of total assets. During the past year the Bank co-operated with Polish interests in forming the Anglo-Polish Bank Limited at Warsaw. The present report says: "This Bank has been in operation for the past nine months, and shows promise of filling a useful place in the development of business relations between Great Britain and Poland." Although the British Overseas Bank is in an early stage of development, it has made an excellent start under favorable auspices. The £5 "A" shares, now quoted at 5½, are worthy of the attention of the cautious investor, while the £5 "B" shares are quite an attractive risk for those who do not mind waiting a little while for results. There is no liability on either class of shares.

L. J. R.

LONDON-AMERICAN MARITIME TRADING.

PRESIDING at the annual general meeting of the London-American Maritime Trading Company, Limited, held on the 13th inst., the Earl of Wemyss said that, whereas a year ago the company was in the middle of a trade boom and great commercial prosperity, it might now be said to be in a trough of financial and commercial depression, and although the shareholders might look forward with some confidence to things being better by the time they met next year, he was afraid that it was likely that in the meanwhile conditions would be worse before they were better. The outlook outside, therefore, was not one which it was cheerful to contemplate, but he thought that, without any over-confidence, the shareholders might see in the position of this company a small light in the prevailing and general gloom. During the past year the directors had continued their policy of taking advantage of the high prices to be obtained for old ships, and had reduced the company's fleet by selling them, so that they had traded with a smaller fleet than before. It must, therefore, be a matter of satisfaction to the shareholders that, in spite of this, the trading profits showed an increase of £23,000, as compared with the previous year. A year ago he had called attention to the greatly increased cost of working, and in the period under review there had been a further considerable increase in every detail.

He stated last year that these charges were more likely to increase than to diminish. He hoped he might be equally accurately and more happily inspired if he now said he hoped and believed that in the majority of cases the charges had probably reached their maximum. Since the London-American Maritime Company was formed, six years ago, it had paid 109 per cent. in dividends to the Ordinary shareholders; all the debentures and loans had been paid off; the Preference shareholders, he thought, had been paid in every year more than their fixed percentage, and its assets were immeasurably higher in value than they were when the company started.

The reports and accounts were unanimously adopted, and the meeting authorised a dividend of 20 per cent., less tax, on the Ordinary shares, and a supplementary dividend of 3 per cent., less tax, on the Cumulative Participating Preference shares.

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